OVERSEAS

The Monthly Journal of the OVERSEAS CLUB & PATRIOTIC LEAGUE

Vol VI No. 67 AUGUST 1921

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"We sailed wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty state,
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great"

Tennyson.

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NOV. 4-12 1921

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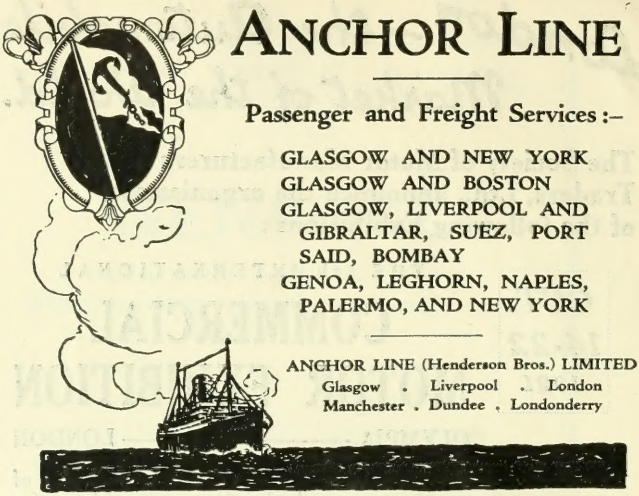

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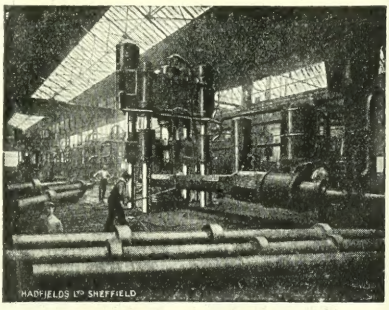

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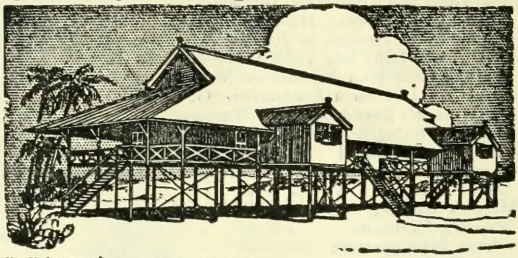

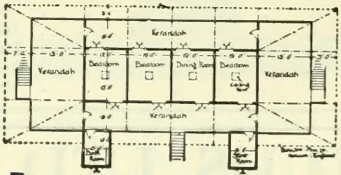

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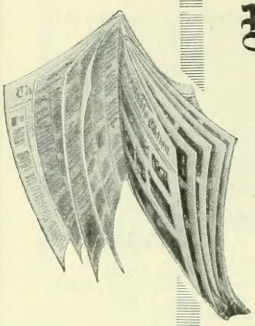

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Associated with the League of the Empire.
(Patron: His Majesty the King.)

THE Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League is a non-party society of British subjects residing in all parts of the world. Its underlying motive is to promote the unity of British subjects. Its four chief objects are

1. To draw together in the bond of comradeship British people the world over.
2. To render individual service to our Empire.
3. To maintain the power of the Empire and to hold to its best traditions.
4. To help one another.

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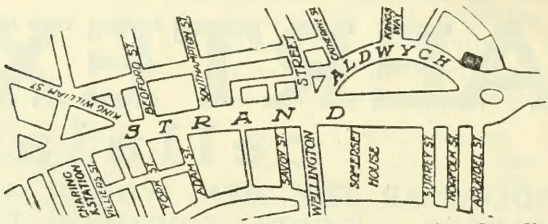
The Headquarters of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League are situated at General Buildings, Aldwych, London, just opposite Australia House, in the very heart of the Metropolis. Here are provided most of the amenities of an ordinary Club, including Reading, Writing, Lounge, Ladies' and Smoking Rooms, Information Bureau, the provision of a postal address, and the forwarding of Members' mail. Light refreshments can be obtained. Hours of opening, 9.30 a.m. to 8 p.m. Closed on Sundays.



The black square shows the building in which the Over-Seas Club Premises are situated.

Date of Inception	August 27th, 1910
Subscribing Membership, as at December 31st, 1920	25,423
Life Members	4,290

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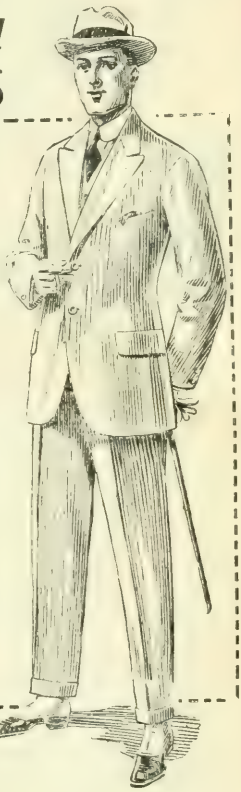

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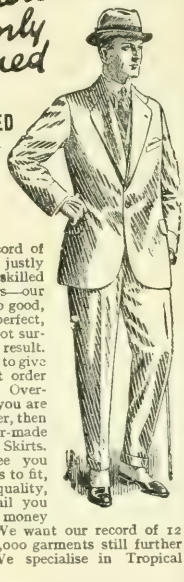

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Lahore	Rangoon	Newera Eliya	Kisumu			

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On 31st DECEMBER, 1920.

Savings Bank Balances	£35,306,956
General Bank Balances	£27,153,311
Note Issue Department	£58,972,537
Other items	£12,527,765
	£134,960,569

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CAPITAL PAID UP - -	14,137,796
RESERVE FUND - -	10,000,000
DEPOSITS, &c. - -	346,397,553
ADVANCES, &c. - -	151,079,173

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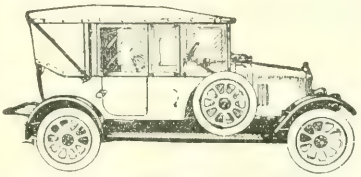

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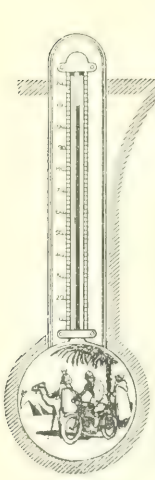

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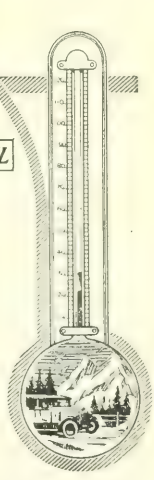

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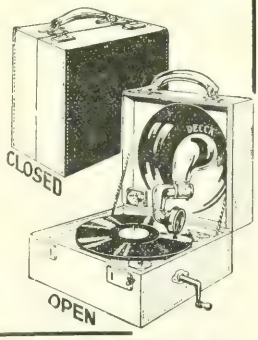

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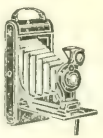

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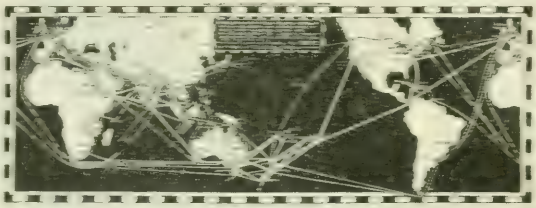

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Founded and Edited by
EVELYN · WRENCH
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Vol. VI. No. 67. August, 1921.

My Monthly Letter

By E. W.

My Monthly Letter.

N HISTORIC LETTER.—The eleventh birthday issue of "Overseas" is, from the standpoint of our readers, an important event, so they will understand why the usual review of the happenings of the past month is somewhat curtailed.

Ireland once more absorbs a very large share of our thoughts and prayers, though what will be the outcome of Mr. Lloyd George's letter to Mr. de Valera and the subsequent historic meeting at the Dublin Mansion House on July 4th, when the latter, accompanied by Mr. Arthur Griffith, met four leading Southern Unionists, and that of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. de Valera and his colleagues at 10, Downing Street on July 14th, it is at the moment too early to say. Certainly not for many a long day have the prospects of an Irish settlement seemed so good.

The present Truce in Ireland has brought out one fact above all others, that the great majority of the Irish people passionately yearns for a settlement.

One of the most gratifying features of the present situation has been the manner in which the Truce has been observed by both sides in Ireland apart from the Belfast outbreak.

Surely no more important document was ever despatched from Downing Street than the letter in which the Prime Minister invited Sir James Craig and Mr. de Valera to discuss Irish difficulties and seek a solution. Although the letter is old history—for it was written on June 24th—it appeared while the last issue of "Overseas" was in the press, and I make no apologies for its reproduction :—

> Sir,—The British Government are deeply anxious that, so far as they can assure it, the King's appeal for reconciliation in Ireland shall not have been made in vain. Rather than allow yet another opportunity of settlement in Ireland to be cast aside, they feel it incumbent upon them to make a final appeal, in the spirit of the King's words, for a conference

My Monthly Letter.

between themselves and the representatives of Southern and Northern Ireland.

"I write, therefore, to convey the following invitation to you, as the chosen leader of the great majority in Southern Ireland, and to Sir James Craig, the Premier of Northern Ireland :—

"1. That you should attend a conference here, in London, in company with Sir James Craig, to explore to the utmost the possibility of a settlement.

"2. That you should bring with you for the purpose any colleague whom you may select.

"The Government will, of course, give a safe conduct to all who may be chosen to participate in the conference.

"We make this invitation with a fervent desire to end the ruinous conflict which has for centuries divided Ireland and embittered the relations of the peoples of these two islands, who ought to live in neighbourly harmony with each other, and whose co-operation would mean so much, not only to the Empire, but to humanity. We wish that no endeavour should be lacking on our part to realise the King's prayer, and we ask you to meet us, as we will meet you, in the spirit of conciliation for which His Majesty appealed.

"D. LLOYD GEORGE."

"E. de Valera, Esq."

ULSTER'S GREAT DAY.—Likewise too late for comment in our last issue was the formal opening of the Ulster Parliament by His Majesty the King on June 22nd—a day which will long be remembered in the annals of the constitutional development of the British Empire. That there were risks in the visit of the King and Queen to Belfast and their drive through the densely-crowded streets in an open carriage, despite the extraordinary precautions which had been taken, cannot be denied.

Their Majesties' visit to the northern capital was nothing less than a triumphal progress, and the King's courage in deciding to open in person Northern Ireland's Parliament has appealed to the hearts of British subjects in all parts of the world as few acts in his reign. Criticism against the Government for letting him appear to take sides in the Irish controversy does not enter into discussion. The King felt he ought to do what his ministers advised, and he went ; and by his example of duty courageously performed he set a splendid example to us all. His Majesty's appeal to Ireland "to forgive and forget," in holding out to her "the hand of forbearance and conciliation," is one which the majority of the Irish people, apart from the extremists, must surely listen to.

Ulster as a free and self-governing unit in the British Empire

My Monthly Letter.

is an accomplished fact now, however much Sinn Fein may dislike it. The Southern Irishmen, who have been such enthusiastic upholders of the doctrines of self-determination, must surely realise that Ulster, applying the same doctrine, has every right to the position which she has won. Till Southern Ireland recognises Northern Ireland's rights there can be no coming together of the two sections of the Irish nation, but these are the very topics which are occupying the attention of the representatives of the two countries at the present time.

OUR ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY.—On August 27th our society will be eleven years old, and in this month's letter I propose to say a few words about our present position and some of our hopes for the future. One of the difficulties about furthering the cause of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League is that it is not easy to explain to the uninitiated just what we are.

What tortures some of us have undergone these past eleven years in listening to the misrepresentation of the aims of our movement! How many of the readers of "Overseas" have heard the Over-Seas Club described as "a society of persons born in the Old Country," as a movement "to boost the British Empire as against the rest of the world," in other words, a glorified Sinn Fein, which, literally interpreted, means "ourselves alone," or

[*Photo: Daily Mirror.*

Mr. Lloyd George and the Dominion Premiers at 10, Downing Street.

My Monthly Letter.

a jingo organisation which seeks to paint those portions of the map red which are outside the confines of the British Empire ! Or, again, some good friends describe us as a club in London to welcome visitors from abroad, while at one time there were not wanting those who sought to make out that we existed to bring *réclame* to a London newspaper.

OUR AIMS.—Let us clarify our own minds by setting forth what we believe the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League to be as it enters upon its twelfth year of activity.

We are a society of men and women who desire to serve our fellows, some of whom were born in the Old Country ; but our membership is as wide as the British Empire, and the Australian and Canadian born are just as welcome as those who first saw the light of day in these northern isles of ours. As to our objects—and there are many of them—they can be condensed into one word, "Service" ; O.S. = Others' Service, as many of us like to interpret our badge.

Our ideals of service are no narrow ones, and just as broad as humanity itself. First, of course, comes our desire to serve our own Empire and our fellow-citizens under the four winds of heaven, on lonely farm or in crowded mart ; and, as a purely British organisation, our first duty is to the British Commonwealth of nations—in the words of our third object, "To maintain the power of the Empire and to hold to its best traditions," to maintain the power of the Empire for all that is noble in the world and to fight with all our corporate energy against all that is unworthy in our midst. To some it may seem that beyond service to our own Empire our responsibilities do not go.

NO NARROW OUTLOOK.—Surely this is a very narrow conception of our obligations. There should be nothing incompatible between our duties to the British Commonwealth and to humanity as a whole. In the twentieth century we cannot ring round our patriotism and live to ourselves alone by ignoring what is happening outside, even if we wished to do so. The Great War sounded the death knell of the creed of each nation for itself and the devil take the hindermost.

> "Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
> Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
> Given to redeem the human soul from error,
> There were no need of arsenals and forts."

The United States, according to Mr. Harvey, the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, will take no part in the present League of Nations, but sooner or later—and the sooner the better—there will have to be an association of all nations working for the welfare of mankind. President Harding's recent invitation to the Allied Powers to take part in a disarmament

My Monthly Letter.

conference is regarded by some as the herald of better days and the possible establishment of an "Association of Nations" to which the Republican Party in America is committed. As far as the British Empire is concerned, our leaders, from the King downwards, have proclaimed our adherence to the League of Nations in no uncertain terms. Our service, therefore, is no puny Sinn Fein doctrine of "ourselves alone," but, while seeking to carry out our obligations to our own peoples first, realises that, if the hideous prospect of another and even greater Armageddon is to be banished from the world, it will only be through the co-operation of all nations for the common good.

ON OUR CITIZENSHIP.—It is extremely difficult to write about the ideals for which the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League stands without being carried far afield. However wide our outlook, we must figuratively return to "our muttons."

Good citizenship is the watchword of our movement, and there are countless ways in which we of the Over-Seas fellowship can interpret it. We may not be able to draw up a definite programme, like the Boy Scouts, of "one kind act a day," but, both as individuals and in our corporate capacity, we can play a profoundly important part in making our Commonwealth all that we want it to be. Let us once for all make solemn vow that we will never condone wrong-doing in the British Commonwealth. We could render no greater disservice to the Empire than by so doing. Our love of country and of Empire must be an entirely beautiful thing; it must rise superior to our faults, whatever they may be.

In looking back across all the ups and downs—and there have been plenty of the latter—during our journey together these eleven years there have been moments when we have caught a glimpse, however fleeting and far-off, a clear-cut glimpse nevertheless, of what our well-tried brotherhood and sisterhood can become—nay, is becoming.

So as to get the right perspective, we must compare the Over-Seas

THE MAIDEN: "In God's name, hasten, Sir Knight! Save me!"

SIR LANCELOT: "Not so fast my good girl! The reporters have not yet arrived; besides, there are the serial rights and the motion-picture royalties to be considered."

From New York *Life*.

My Monthly Letter.

League to-day with what it was, say, just three years ago ; and if we do, we will realise how much deeper are our roots, how much stronger our foundations, how much clearer our vision, and, lastly —and it is no unimportant factor—how much greater is the appreciation of outsiders as to our aims and achievements.

ELEVEN YEARS' WORK.—At the end of our eleventh year of striving we find ourselves by far the most numerous Empire society. Our subscribing membership on December 31st last was 25,000, and as far as present indications go we shall exceed that figure by several thousands by the New Year, despite the bad times which we have all been experiencing. Our headway would have been greater since our last birthday if every reader of "Overseas" had done his share, but while over 5,000 readers have introduced one new Member this year, nearly four times that number have done nothing. If we are to reach our goal of a membership of 50,000 next year—and we are desperately anxious to do so—it will only be if you who read this letter ask yourself—Have I done my share of work for the Over-Seas Club or have I left it to the other fellow ?

THAT "IF."—If you do decide to help us, there is no reason why our vision of what our society could become in the councils of the Empire might not be far exceeded.

Even to-day, after our eleven years of striving, with all our shortcomings, we have become one of the great moral forces of the British Commonwealth—a force to be reckoned with, even if it may not be entirely understood. Just for one moment imagine what a power for good we might be if for every Member of the Over-Seas Club, with its ideals of brotherhood and service, that there is to-day there were ten. In other words, if our total membership were a quarter of a million.

It sounds a tall order you will tell me, and so it is, but no less impossible than the thought that the original idea of the Over-Seas Club written on a piece of paper in an office drawer in London eleven years ago should have become the great, living thing it has to-day. Are we going to take another jump forward on our path ? Is this next year going to witness great things for the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League ? That is a question the answer to which is in your hands, and yours alone.

FIGHTING SNOBBISHNESS.—One result of our work we can, I think, look upon with especial satisfaction. To-day there are many thousands less lonely homes throughout the Empire than there were eleven years ago. It would be impossible to summarise our work in this direction, but north, south, east, west there are to be found countless pioneers of Empire, both under the old flag and outside its protecting folds, who have been brought into closer touch with their fellows as the result of their linking up with our movement.

My Monthly Letter.

One other point deserves passing comment. Snobbishness is a characteristic for which our Over-Seas brotherhood has a peculiar abhorrence, and, alas ! there is still plenty of it to be found both in the Empire at home and overseas, and in British communities in foreign lands. Who has not heard of instances of small groups of Britons divided into layers according to their earthly possessions ? In our society we know nothing of such things. We ask all citizens to meet together from time to time on the platform of service to the community. There have been many instances these past years of groups of our Members brought together through their association with our society.

THE SHARE OF "OVERSEAS."—In the task of "drawing together in the bond of comradeship British people the world over" our little magazine has played no minor part. So the last paragraph in my birthday letter must be about it. "Overseas" only made its appearance when the Over-Seas Club was over five years old, in December, 1915, and a slender little pamphlet of 32 pages it was then—just a quarter of our present thickness. I sometimes wish I had started "Overseas" simultaneously with the founding of our society five years before, but perhaps things have turned out for the best, and the experience gained in those first difficult five and a half years taught us many things and better equipped us for the job.

"OVERSEAS" IN 1927.—Will "Overseas" be four times as fat in 1927, I wonder ? That, again, depends upon you, my readers. More circulation—and you remember that our audited circulation last December was 21,200—means more advertising revenue, and more money would mean all sorts of things.

Here are some of the features I should like to include in "Overseas" : —A farmers' section, conducted by one who had made good on his own farm and could

[*Graphic Photo Union.*

PUSSY'S FREE LUNCH.

A daily lunch for hungry cats is given in a yard close to the Church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, London, by two ladies, Miss Martin and Miss Tilling.

My Monthly Letter.

give us practical advice and information month by month ; a commercial review of the world's markets, especially relating to the price and sales of such products as wheat, copra, rubber, tea, coffee, cotton, wool, tobacco, fruit—in fact, the hundred odd products of the farms of the Empire ; a review of the month's sport—football, cricket, golf, tennis, and so on—so that the sporting section of our readers could keep in touch with the world of sport ; a monthly letter from a leading doctor, full of practical health hints of especial use to those living in the back-blocks ; a cookery section for our lady readers who are running their own homes; a social service feature, where all social workers could compare notes as to all the latest thought of forward-looking import ; a—but the theme of what "Overseas" might become is a very favourite one, and might run to many, many pages, so many, in fact, that there would be no room left for the contents of our current issue.

Above all, "Overseas," which has no axe to grind, seeks to be a message of hope of a better world. "Overseas" has no use for pessimists ; it believes in "a new Empire" and "a new World." Like Milton, we can all repeat :—

"New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth!"

E. W.

SEA-SHORE TOYS FOR THE CHILDREN.

Most of the children's ordinary toys are spoiled when at the seaside. These new toys are made of rubber. They are easy to pack when deflated and they are difficult to injure.

Einstein's Meaning for You and Me

By Hamilton Fyfe

"WILL you write an article on Einstein's theory, and make it as clear as possible to the general reader?" That is what the editor of "Overseas" asks me to do. I don't think I have ever had set me a more difficult task.

Einstein's Meaning for You and Me.

When it was first announced, some two years ago, that a certain Professor Einstein, a German and a Jew, had made a tremendous discovery, and had proved that "there was no such thing as absolute time," this was hailed as good news by people who dislike getting up in the morning, and who are always late for appointments. The Professor, it appeared, had also proved that there was no such thing as "absolute space."

To all but one person in ten thousand or so these statements were meaningless. And the more we have heard about Professor Einstein's discoveries, the more bewildering they have become, except to the very few who have made a study of advanced mathematics.

You can see how futile it would be to try and explain an alteration in the rules of cricket or of bridge to people who had never heard of these games. Well, if you regard higher mathematics as a kind of game (which in my opinion is the proper way to regard it), and the Einstein theory as an alteration of the rules, you will have got pretty near the truth.

"Oh, but," you say, "it has something to do with gravitation, hasn't it, and I know all about that."

Do you? I wonder. If so, you are an unrecognised genius to whom Professor Einstein cannot hold a candle. "All about gravitation"? No, the Professor would certainly not claim as much knowledge as that.

You look puzzled. "But gravitation," you say, "surely that's simple enough. It's what makes the apple fall from the tree to the earth and not up into the sky. The earth pulls it down. Sir Isaac Newton found out that."

Partly correct, but not quite. Sir Isaac Newton did not discover the force of gravitation, but he did discover some of the laws which govern it. He saw that apples always fall at the same rate of speed,

Einstein's Meaning for You and Me.

and he felt sure that there must be a similar fixed rate at which the earth and the moon and the sun were falling through space. For a long time he could not work this out : he had to wait until some one else made a fresh measurement of the earth. Then his figures began to come right, and he fell into such a condition of nervous excitement that he had to hand them over to another mathematician to be worked out.

They worked out just as he had foreseen. They showed that the sun and the earth and the moon were falling through space at a rate of thirteen miles a second, and they showed why the moon went round the earth in twenty-eight days and why the earth goes round the sun in 365 days, making what we call a year. It is because they are held together by the force of gravitation that they do not fall apart : that force holds together the entire system of suns and planets and stars, in which our earth is a tiny dot. But they are kept each in its place, and prevented from falling into one another by something else which we call energy.

Gravitation pulls and energy pushes, and between them they keep the solar system working regularly, so regularly, Newton thought, that this earth of ours only got one second out in 168,000 years. But what gravitation and energy are no one knows. "The simplest phenomena are in their ultimate essence unknowable," Herbert Spencer said. That is why I call higher mathematics a game.

Now for the alteration in the rules which Professor Einstein has introduced, and which induced Lord Haldane to say that he is "one of the greatest thinkers of the last 500 years."

Up to now the rules have laid it down that knowledge in this sphere of physics was exact, that space and time were "absolute" (which meant, as nearly as one can get to it without mathematical formulæ, that they were always the same), that the universe was infinite, and that there existed something called the "æther" through which the solar system moved. The new rules are that there is no æther, that the universe has its bounds, and that the character, reality and measurements of space and time cannot be estimated unless the conditions affecting the observer and his situation are taken into account.

Thus there is no exact knowledge, but only relative knowledge : hence the name given to the new theory : Relativity.

That is as clear as I can make it, and now you must be asking yourself, as I asked myself when I first puzzled over this "great discovery": "What does it mean to me? How is it going to affect my life? Does it really alter anything, or is it just a matter of interest to those who are engaged in certain abstruse studies?"

Well, so far as we can see, this calculation of Professor Einstein's is not going to have any more effect upon the life of man than would, say, the bowling of seven balls in an "over." Something

may develop out of it ; it may lead to other discoveries. But at present its bearing is exclusively upon the world of abstract thought.

Einstein's Meaning for You and Me.

The three tests which the Professor proposed as means of verifying or disproving his theory show how utterly remote from everyday life the whole matter is. He said that light from distant stars would be " bent " when they passed near the sun ; that there would be detected a certain variation in the orbit of the planet Mercury ; and that light coming from the sun would be found to be slightly redder than light coming from terrestrial sources. Each of these predictions has been proved correct ; this has given the Professor his great reputation, which he bears with charming modesty ; and this it is which causes him to be hailed as a famous thinker by students of higher mathematics.

But for you and me the value of this Relativity notion seems to lie just here : it drives home the smallness of the knowledge we can ever have about anything ; it shows us that all our judgments must be affected by our circumstances and our state of mind ; it should teach us to " walk humbly," and to avoid being dogmatic, and to make allowances for those who do not agree with us, even on subjects that we consider vital.

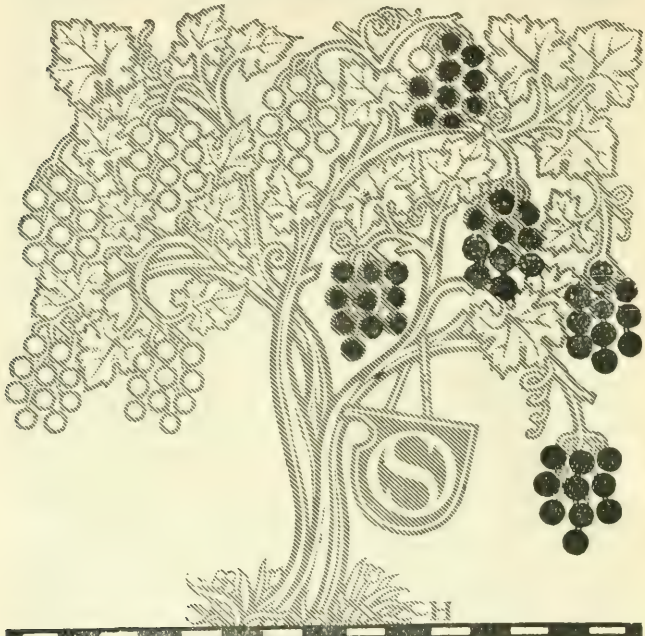
The only additions to knowledge that can be of real service to mankind are such as make us more considerate to one another.

Material improvement may make a few more comfortable, may give the many certain conveniences and amusements, like electric street lamps and the cinema. But the only way to make the world a better place for all to live in is by spiritual improvement, by changing the spirit of selfishness and intolerance into a spirit of loving-kindness and wide sympathy. It is because I think Relativity may help us in this direction that I have written about it. If it does not help us in that way, it certainly will not in any other. All that has ever been discovered about the solar system and light and space and time has not done the human race one-millionth part of the good that lies in the Sermon on the Mount.

What does it matter to us whether Mercury is " a bit off," or whether light is " bent " ? It matters to us a great deal, however, that men and women should grow more friendly, more sensible, less ready to suspect one another, less eager to benefit themselves at others' expense : if these qualities had prevailed and not their opposites, there would have been no Great War, and we should not have the world in such a pitiable mess to-day.

So let us turn Relativity to useful purpose, instead of letting it be merely a plaything of mathematicians. No one will be better pleased than Professor Einstein, for he was a pacifist in Germany (although our own pacifists were not popular, we thought the German ones were noble fellows), and finds time to be interested in this world as well as in the worlds which are millions of miles away.

THE OVER-SEAS CLUB TREE



THIS YEAR'S NEW MEMBERS.

From now on the Over-Seas Tree will represent the total number of *new Members to be enrolled during the current year.* The goal we set before us is a hundred fruits representing a hundred Members each or *ten thousand* new Members before December 31st, 1921.

So far we have enrolled 4,918 Members this year, which leaves us with 5,082 to get and 51 fruits to ripen. Will you not help us to reach this total? The number of new Members enrolled last month was 606 or six fruits.

If YOU would send your new Member we should reach our goal and make 1921 a record year.

Yerba Maté, the South American Substitute for Tea

By a Member

Yerba Maté, the South American Substitute for Tea.

WHEN Hogarth published his propaganda engraving "Gin Lane" in the middle of the eighteenth century, alcoholic liquors were to be had at easier rates than in the year of grace 1921, if we may believe the inn sign in that grisly masterpiece, which informs us that "gentlemen and others" could get "drunk for a penny" and "dead drunk for twopence," in which emergency "clean straw for nothing" was provided.

Since those "good old days" the march towards sobriety has been steady, but decidedly slow. The Victorian era had arrived—the era of science and discovery—before "gentlemen and others" discovered that more ways existed of getting to bed besides being carried there. It was later still before popular literature and popular song began to desist from crowning inebriety with the halo of romance. And just when things looked propitious for a more intelligent field of adventure in the way of amusing the public, the baser kind of cinema arrived and gave a fresh lease of life to the exaltation of excess. One day some courageous person may expound the doctrine that there is nothing droll in the antics of a drunkard on the stage or the screen. In the meantime, the Censor of Plays could justify his office by declining to license performances depending for their allurement upon tipsy buffoonery. The exploitation of this kind of entertainment has been one of the causes of the slowness of the world's progress towards sobriety.

Another cause has been a deficiency of non-alcoholic beverages. If the world is to be weaned from potent liquors it will have to be provided not only with good sound sense but also with good sound substitutes. Fame and fortune, therefore, await the inventor of one or more wholesome, refreshing, and palatable alternatives to alcoholic drink. His name will go down to posterity as a real benefactor to mankind. Tea, coffee, cocoa, ginger-beer, and the like, are all excellent things in their way, and we know that "drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow," but variety is the spice of life, and it is monotonous to conjugate tea, coffee, cocoa, ginger-beer and water in all their moods, tenses and inflexions. A more diversified choice of beverages is needed for those who shun alcohol, and for those who would shun it if a greater variety of agreeable and inviting substitutes were available.

A good deal has been heard in recent years of the virtues of yerba maté, which is said to be a drink of delicious flavour and great hygienic properties, but, so far as the present writer is aware,

Yerba Maté, the South American Substitute for Tea.

it has not yet found its way into Great Britain. The plant grows generally at an altitude of 1,500 to 3,000 feet above sea level, exclusively in South America in the temperate region between 20 and 30 degrees of latitude south. The Jesuits, who civilised the Indians, spoke of them as chewing the leaves during a journey to conserve their strength when food was short. They also said that the Indians made frequent excursions to the yerba maté regions to rid themselves of their infirmities, just as we in Europe go to spas and "watering places."

It seems to have been proved by chemical analysis that the plant contains all the stimulating and tonic properties of tea and coffee, with none of their bad effects. M. Moreau de Torus, the celebrated chemist of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, has discovered in yerba maté the existence of a special alkaloid which he has denominated "Mateina." According to Professor Pablo Wall, its tonic and sustaining qualities permit people to support prolonged fasting and overcome hunger ; while in a recent issue of "La Revista de Economia y Finanzas," published in Buenos Aires, the statement is made that yerba maté was adopted in the late European War by the armies of France and Italy and was found to be of great value as a resistant of fatigue and hunger.

The leaves of the plant are roasted and pulverised, and these dried leaves form the basis of the drink, which is brewed with hot water. The "tea," either plain or with the addition of sugar and lemon, is imbibed through a tube. It is consumed in large quantities in South America by miners and other heavy labourers, as well as by people of all ranks of society. It is drunk, just as we drink tea and coffee, for its refreshing effect. So important is yerba maté considered that the Governments of Brazil and the Argentine have had a series of conferences to agree upon a standard of purity.

Here, then, appears to be something worth the investigation of those in quest of worldly fortune and a niche in the Temple of Fame. If the eulogies of this wonderful beverage may be accepted without reservation it seems probable that yerba maté might overcome the British habit of scepticism towards the new and unknown, and develop into a popular auxiliary to the other "soft" drinks of the Empire.

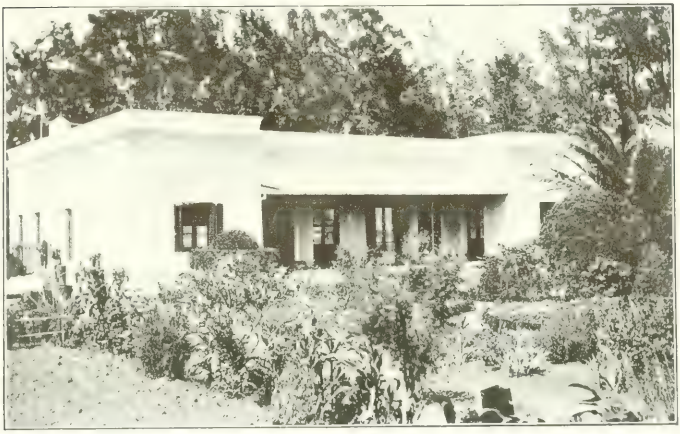
Perhaps Overseas Members in the Argentine and Brazil, who have had the opportunity of subjecting it to a trial in its native haunts, will furnish Headquarters with their candid opinion of the drink ; or, better still, send samples, with precise instructions for brewing, so that Headquarters may sit in unbiassed judgment upon it.

There is no more practical way of helping the Empire than by persuading your friends to join the Over-seas Club.

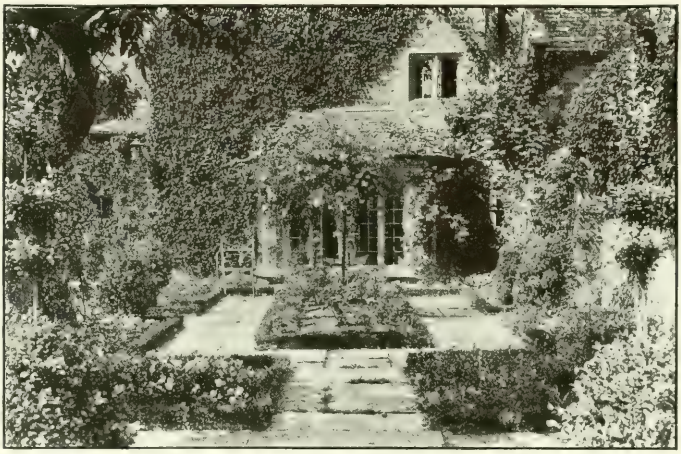
Members' Homes Overseas

We are delighted to receive Photographs of our Members' Homes. Have you sent in yours yet?

A Government Bungalow near Kuala Lumpur. The kitchen is the small building at the back with a covered way to the house. Photo sent by Mr. J. H. Sansom, Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S.



"La Britañia," Mrs. R. Walker's Estancia, Aligre, F.C.S. Photo sent by Mrs. A. Mackinnon, Gualeguaychu 3854, Villa Devoto, F.C.P., Argentine, S. America.



A small Paved Garden.

Beautiful Herbaceous Borders in an old Kentish Garden.

An English Garden

By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde

(Author of "A Garden of Herbs.")

An English Garden.

IT is a garden such as one dreams of, and many, many centuries have gone to the making of its mellow charm, decaying loveliness and ineffable peace. It does not belong to one of the famous English houses, yet it is far more typically English and so much so that, beyond its own village, it is hardly known. Like so many of the smaller old-fashioned country houses perhaps what strikes one most is the feeling that the house and garden are one. They know and understand one another, for they have in common so many memories of both troublous and joyous days that between them there is a unity so perfect that even a mere human being is conscious of it.

What a charm there is about the old moss-grown steps leading to the sunk garden. Exquisite little stonecrops have found here a safe refuge, happy in the knowledge that the few who pass up and down these steps love them every whit as much as they love even the roses and the lilies and will never crush their fragile loveliness. And why is it that the ghosts of former days always seem to haunt these old steps? For it is impossible to approach them without a vision rising before one of the many generations who have trodden them, and they have seen so much of human joys and sorrows that the centuries have given them a sympathy and a broad understanding peculiarly their own. If only they would divulge their secrets what an entrancing tale they could tell, but, in spite of the eloquent silence of their weather-worn beauty, they know how to guard inviolably the secrets confided to their keeping, and they only speak to us of tolerance, kindliness and boundless sympathy with human aspirations and failings.

The sunk garden is full of sunlight and bees and fairies, and one forgets the busy everyday world in the beauty, the quiet radiant charm and the brooding peace of this secluded close. Its roses and lavender, its lilies and carnations, its sweet williams and stocks, its flagged paths, and the minute beauty of the myriad plants growing between and over them, and the lavish warm scent of the old-world pinks, make this pleasant place as remote and yet as familiar as memory. There is decay and neglect, and with it the beauty which only several generations of poverty can give to what was once a well-tended garden.

Wealth would give much to create the matchless beauty of this place, but wealth would only destroy it. For Nature has touched this old garden with a hand of infinite tenderness, shrouding its decaying splendour with a mantle of such exquisite colours and

An English Garden.

beauty that it seems as though she were repaying lavishly the years of loving care bestowed on this sunny spot. Generations of fair women surely made this garden their own, tending it with their own hands, rejoicing in its beauty and peace, and interpreting in humble human fashion something of the wonder and mystery of Nature in the beauty and irresistible charm of a garden enclosed. For surely this is the enchantment of this silent secluded place, so far removed from the world that from it it is possible to look at the world with clear eyes and a mind undisturbed by clamour.

From the sunk garden one passes along a narrow path by a great hedge of yew to the lily ponds. It is a square, cool enclosure, surrounded on all sides by majestic hedges of yew, where even on the hottest days it is possible to sit in perfect shade and watch the water lilies rejoicing in the glory of the sunlight. Between the lily ponds there is now such a tangle of forget-me-nots and kingcups that the paths are almost indistinguishable. It is at moonrise that the lily ponds are at their loveliest, for all around them are masses of giant evening primroses and white nicotiana, planted every year that they may scent the evening with their glorious perfume.

At moonrise they stand out pale yellow and white against the dark yew hedge and the lily ponds look almost unearthly in their shadowy beauty. To go from the lily ponds to the old walled kitchen garden is like passing into another world. What a delightful kitchen garden it is, for the gardener is old fashioned and tolerant, and does not disturb the tangled masses of old-world herbs and flowers, which for many years have established themselves in happy confidence in all manner of unexpected places, and the vegetables grow with that air of cheerful contentment so conspicuously absent from vegetables which have no kindly flowers to keep them company. There is no fruit to equal that grown in an old walled-in kitchen garden, for it is full of the delicious flavour and sweetness which only the concentrated sunlight and warmth can give.

How pleasant, too, it is to see hives of bees in the kitchen garden and how dull and silent the place would be without them. The gardener does not "hold with them foreign bees," and his strain are the good old English black bee, the best tempered, the most hard working, and the most lovable bees in the world. Their hives, placed where the first rays of light will fall on them, are painted blue, for that, he says, is the colour they love most. The custom is still maintained of telling them first anything that betides any member of the house, and perhaps that is why they are such friendly bees and give such delicious honey. To listen to this old bee-master is entrancing, for is it not very delightful to learn that there is no honey so good as that taken from a hive immediately after a rainbow, and still more wonderful, that the magic of the stars,

those glorious flowers in the garden of Space, overrules the bees and that when Sirius is in the ascendant honey has virtues beyond belief ? As one listens one cannot help thinking that perhaps science will one day discover that there is more in this old lore, handed down through the ages, than we in our ignorance can understand.

Beyond the old walled kitchen garden one comes on the remains of the original house, dating possibly from Plantagenet days. There is little now to be seen, save the grey lichen-covered foundation walls of what must once have been a living room of fairly large proportions. In no part is the wall more than three feet high, and it is hardly visible where the weeds are most luxuriant. The huge fireplace remains, and it is still just possible to piece out a strange inscription on one side of it. It is in the rough bold lettering of the fifteenth century and runs thus : " The wrath of Man varyth not the iustice of God."

Beyond the ruins of this older house there was once a courtyard, and in the centre of its grass-grown cobbles there is still the beautiful old square well. But there is no sense of desolation here, for the pigeons love this place, and with stately tread they walk solemnly round the well and about the old courtyard. This place is now theirs they seem to say, as they move their necks in their soft inimitable fashion, and then they fly joyously up into the sunlight.

Rock Garden at Hallingbury Place. Photo sent by Mr. F. Turner, 21, Bell's Hill, Bishops Stortford.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "DREAM SHIP."

Embarking in a 47-ft. sailing vessel on the coast of Devonshire, the adventure-seeking three—Peter, Steve, and the author—made a voyage more than half round the world. In the fulfilment of their dream the trio called at Vigo, Spain, dropped anchor for a few days in the Canaries, crossed the Atlantic to Barbados, and then passed through the Panama Canal. The first objective after entering the Pacific was San Cristobal Island, in the Galapagos Archipelago, off the coast of Ecuador, and afterwards the Marquesas Group, the Society Islands, Rarotonga, Palmerston and Tonga Tabu were visited.

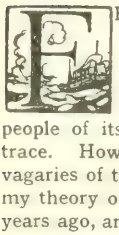
The "Dream Ship"

The Story of a Voyage of Adventure more than Half Round the World in a 47-foot Lifeboat

By Ralph Stock

[*We are indebted to the Editor of the "Wide-World Magazine" for permission to reproduce the wonderful story of the voyage. The first three parts appeared in the May, June and July numbers. The "Dream's End" will appear in the September issue.*]

PART IV.



The "Dream Ship."

ROM the moment I first set eyes on an atoll it fascinated me, and its lure has not departed with the years.

Think of any place in the world that you have seen, and an atoll is different. It is the fairy ring of the sea. Out of the depths it comes, rearing a vegetation and a people of its own, and often into the depths it goes, leaving no trace. How? Why? Scientists murmur something about the vagaries of the corallitic polyp; but, not being a scientist, I prefer my theory of the fairy ring. That was how it looked to me several years ago, and that was how it looked again from the masthead of the "Dream Ship."

We had left the Marquesas seven days previously, and were now becalmed in that maze of atolls known as the Paumotu, or Low Archipelago.

Imagine a circular beach of glistening coral sand and green vegetation from five to fifty yards wide, thrust up through the sea for all the world like a hedge, and inclosing a garden of coral fronds submerged under water so still and clear as to be hardly visible, and you have an atoll as I saw it from the masthead.

There were myriads of them—big atolls, little atolls, fat and thin atolls—fading away into the shimmering heat haze of the horizon. The fairies must have been mighty busy down this way.

I descended to the deck and things mundane. "What to do when becalmed in a network of coral reefs and seven-knot currents" was the problem that confronted us.

I had no text-book on the subject, but by some miracle the thing we called an engine was persuaded to fire on two of its four cylinders, and the "Dream Ship" tottered through the narrow gateway in the hedge—I should say, pass in the reef—and came to anchor in the garden—I mean lagoon.

The "Dream Ship."

It was sunrise, and already the pearling canoes were putting out from the village and scurrying to the fishing grounds over the glassy surface of the lagoon.

A fine people, these of the atolls—upstanding, deep of chest, a race of mermen if ever there was one. From birth up, if they are not in the water, they are on it, or as close to it as they can get. Take them inland and they die. So they squat on their canoe outriggers, smoking, chatting, laughing, until the spirit moves them (nothing else will), and one of their number drops from sight, feet first, with hardly a ripple.

You look down and you see him, as though through green-tinted glass, crouched on the sloping floor of the lagoon. He is plucking oysters as one would gather flowers in a garden. There is no haste in his movements, nothing to indicate that there is any time limit to his remaining down there, under anything from five to fifteen fathoms of water.

A minute passes, two minutes, still he pursues his leisurely way, plucking to right and left and thrusting the shells into a network bag about his neck.

The man of the atolls is in a world of his own, where none but his kind can follow, and they still squat on their outriggers, chatting and laughing like a crowd of boys at a swimming pool.

One alone seems interested in the diver's movements ; his mate, a fair skinned woman, with streaming blue-black hair, leans over the gunwale of the canoe, looking down through a kerosene tin water-glass.

The diver's dark figure against the pale-green coral becomes more blurred ; a stream of silver air bubbles floats upwards. Three minutes by the watch have come and gone. To the landsman it seems incredible ; and even then there is no haste, no shooting to the surface and gasps for breath.

The dark body becomes clearer in outline as it emerges from the depths, and slowly, quite slowly, floats upward until a jet-black head breaks water and the diver clings to the gunwale of the canoe, inhaling deep but unhurried breaths and exhaling with a long-drawn whistle peculiarly his own.

In what way this whistle helps matters, it is impossible to say, but whether a habit, a pose, or an aid in the regaining of breath, it is universal throughout the Paumotus ; so much so that a busy afternoon with the pearlers sounds more like a tin-whistle band than anything else.

With the people of the atolls the ability to remain under water for long periods is more than an art ; it is second nature. Instinctively, they do just those things that make one breath suffice for three minutes and sometimes four.

Preparatory to a descent they do not take a deep breath and hold

it until the surface is reached again. They fill their lungs with a normal amount of air, which lasts them about a minute and a half ; the other minute and a half is occupied in its exhalation. Then, too, every movement below water is made with the utmost conservation of energy ; yet a good diver can bring up 150 kilos of shell in a day which means in the neighbourhood of 600 francs. **The "Dream Ship."**

And it is just these same nimble dollars that tempt the Paumotan to abuse his talents, even as others are tempted the world over. For the sake of a few more shells, another cluster a little further down, he remains below just that trifle longer than is good for him, and in time it tells. The eyes become bloodshot and start from the head, he goes deaf, or paralysis seizes him.

" But the women are the worst," a sun-baked trader informed me ; " the worst or the best, as you like to put it," he added grinning. " They'll go on till they burst, or pretty near it. Bargain-counter instinct, I guess. We call it the ' bends.' "

" The bends " ?

" Yes, one of 'em goes down, and down ; sees some more a little lower than that. Then she's reaching out for one last flutter at something like twenty fathoms when they get her—the ' bends,' I mean. You can see her fighting against them, but it's no good; they bring her knees to her chin, and she can't straighten up, and she drops the last lot of shell she's gathered, and hates that worse than the ' bends.' "

Paumotan Divers cleaning the " Dream Ship's " copper. Photo by Ralph Stock.

The "Dream Ship."

"What does she do?"

"Nothing, except lie there crumpled up until her mate fetches her up and massages her back to life. Then she's no sooner conscious than she's down again.

"Water never kills this crowd; it takes dry land to do that. Why, there's a diver close on fifty years old here, paralysed clean down one side. He can't walk, but he can swim. He gets them to carry him down to the reef and heave him in; says it's the only place he can get any comfort."

"How about sharks?" I asked.

"Oh, there are sharks all right, but the diver's mate looks after that; gives the signal and they're all in after him double quick."

"Finish him off with knives, eh?"

The sun-baked trader smiled reminiscently.

"Well, hardly," he said. "A dead shark makes a square meal for the others, and that's all. What they need is an example, and they get it. They're cruising about sometimes when they come on one of their number with no tail, one fin and sundry other decorations that wouldn't exactly please the S.P.C.A. He is not nice to look at, and they clear out of a place where such things are possible.

"When an island's thrown open for pearling, we spend weeks mutilating sharks before the divers'll go down, and small blame to them, I say. Sharks are—well, sharks."

The casual reader picks up a good deal of information about "gold rushes" and such like romantic undertakings from the plethora of novels on the subject; but who has ever heard of a "pearl rush"? Yet they occur every year in the Paumotus.

The group belongs to the French, and is administered from the local seat of government at Papeete, Tahiti. Here a heterogeneous collection of humanity awaits the opening of the pearling season like a hovering cloud of mosquitos.

There are pearl buyers from Paris and London, representatives of shell-buying concerns from Europe and America; British, Chinese, and Indian traders, speculative schooner skippers and super-cargoes, not to mention the riff-raff of the beaches, all intent on pickings from the most prolific pearling islands in the South Pacific.

And this is the law of the group—infringed, circumvented, broken, but still the law—that although under French Government, the Paumotus and all they produce belong to the Paumotans.

Still further to protect the native, diving apparatus is banned throughout the group. The oyster, as he brings it from the water, is the diver's property. He must open the shell aboard his canoe before touching land, remove the flesh, and, after testing it for pearls (usually by kneading it so thoroughly between finger and

thumb as to crush the life out of it), throw it back into the lagoon to propagate its species. Should he find a pearl it is his also. The "Dream Ship."

It is then up to the cloud of mosquitos, before mentioned, to get both shell and pearl out of him as best it can. One can imagine the buzzing and biting that ensues.

From the buyer's point of view, the sooner and the deeper he gets a good diver into his debt the better. He then has some hold. Consequently he spoon-feeds his selected divers like the infants they are. Tinned delicacies of all sorts, Prince Albert suits of unbelievable thickness and cut, silk socks, and stockings are a good diver's for the asking, during the closed season.

With shell at $1,000 a ton in Philadelphia (the largest consumer at the present time) and prices constantly soaring to apparently limitless heights, all will be well when work starts.

And the diver? From long experience of mosquitos, he is by no means slow. Shortly before the season opens he is presented with a bill that would cause most of us to register apoplexy. He looks at it, grins and proceeds to dive. He also proceeds to make *caches* of shell on the floor of the lagoon, only bringing up half of what he collects in payment of his debts. At night he retrieves his *cache* and sells for cash to the smaller mosquitos who infest the beach.

As for pearls, from the moment the diver's finger and thumb encounter foreign matter in the flesh of the oyster, he becomes about as communicative on the subject as his catch. Should the truth leak out, his find will promptly be confiscated in payment of his everlasting debts, or the wily pearl-buyer will use threats of exposure to reduce the price.

No, the diver, if he is up to snuff, will work his passage to Papeete on a schooner, sell to a Chinaman, who neither asks questions nor tells tales, and proceed to enjoy himself according to his lights.

Blossoming into a Prince Albert suit, a red tie and silk socks, he will hire a car, load

A Man of the Atolls poling his canoe to the Pearling Grounds. Photo by Ralph Stock.

The "Dream Ship."

it up with lady friends and execrable rum, and vanish into thin air for a fortnight, at the end of which time he has somehow contrived to get rid of all he possessed and is perfectly prepared to return to his atolls and his debts. He has lived like a white man and cheated the mosquitos; what more can Paumotan heart desire?

The thing we call progress has slain the picturesque in most industries of this world, but not so with pearling in the Paumotus. During the season, the beach of one of these atolls resembles an Old World fair more than anything I can call to mind.

A crazy merry-go-round brays and rocks in the shade of the palms, luring the adventurous to invest three pearl shells in a ride on a broken-necked camel. The ubiquitous movie "palace" has reared its unlovely head, and for more shell or five coconuts one may witness on the shores of a South Sea lagoon the battered remnants of a love affair enacted not far from Los Angeles. I have often wondered what happens to all the worn-out films in the world. Now I know.

This season, and for the first time, the people of the atolls are to be initiated into the mysteries of ice-cream. Truly, the mosquito stops at nothing.

(To be concluded.)

A Pearl Diver preparing for a descent. Photo by Ralph Stock.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITIONS.

"Overseas" offers One prize of one guinea every month for the best or most interesting photograph sent in by a Member of the Over-Seas Club. Particulars of nine additional Photographic Competitions appear on page 74. These Competitions are open to Members or non-Members, other than professional photographers, and we hope they will result in many very interesting photographs being sent to us, which will be published month by month in "Overseas."

What to Eat and Drink in Hot Weather

By a Doctor

AS little food as you can do with comfortably, and as much fluid as you feel to want, excluding alcohol.

This is, roughly, the answer in a few words, and, if you take it as the main guiding principle, you won't go very far wrong.

In hot weather far less effort is required to keep the body-temperature up to the normal point. Less energy is expended in this direction, and just so much less fuel (food) is needed in stoking to create it. Moreover, there frequently arise conditions which, of themselves, tend to raise the temperature above the normal point and endanger the smooth running of the machinery.

Much more fluid is got rid of by evaporation, through the skin and lungs, in the struggle to maintain the normal. This must be replaced, or the blood will become thickened, injurious waste products will be held in concentrated solution, poisoning the tissues, dulling the brain, and throwing a very heavy strain on the kidneys.

An abundance of food will add to the waste materials needing elimination, and increase the consequent feeling of general malaise and distress, as also will physical exertion. There is no harm in taking a fair amount of food, if your occupation justifies it, provided you maintain the eliminatory process in good working condition, with plenty of fluid and saline aperients when required.

You may lose flesh in hot weather, and get thin. Don't worry about it, you will probably be all the better for it.

When deciding what food you should take, you must remember there are such things as Vitamines. They are of the very highest importance in determining the value of any given article of diet. Food that does not contain them may be palatable, even delicious, but, as nourishment, it is practically worthless unless suitable vitamines are provided with it separately. Remember also that vitamines are more or less destroyed by long cooking and long keeping.

In hot weather food should be light and nutritious. To be the latter it must contain vitamines, which have the property of making it digestible. Certain foods meet these requirements very well, and amongst them may be specially mentioned—eggs, milk, butter, animal fats, fresh fish, fresh fruit and vegetables, bread, and brown rice (not polished).

Eggs, milk, and butter are specially rich in vitamines, and contain very little waste un-nutritious material. Raw fresh fruit and such vegetables as can be eaten uncooked, like onions, tomatoes, etc., are also rich in these substances, and are to be strongly recom-

What to Eat and Drink in Hot Weather.

mended for their other health-giving properties. They assist in purifying the system, and they also supply certain salts which it needs. Butcher's meat were better left out of the menu, and fish or poultry substituted in its place.

During hot weather it is better to curb one's appetite during the day, and take the chief meal in the cool of the evening, after work is done. A heavy meal in the middle of the day, and then strenuous work in the sun, is just asking for trouble.

Should one find it necessary to do an exceedingly strenuous day's work under a blazing hot sun, the best thing I can recommend—and this from experience—is just milk, and in quantity only limited by your desire. You will probably consume quite a lot, but not so much as one would imagine; it is very satisfying, and at the finish you will be surprised how fresh you will feel after a short rest.

Alcohol should be left severely alone. Regarding non-alcoholic drinks, there is no particular reason to be sparing, provided they are wisely chosen. One of the very best is pure cold water, but beware of taking it in large draughts, however thirsty, or you may find yourself in difficulties. Better take it frequently in moderate quantities, say a wineglassful or two at a time, and give this time to get warmed up inside before taking more. A tumbler of cold water suddenly dumped into the stomach is not, by any means, a welcome guest. It is a heavy fluid, and the weight and chill combined are something to be reckoned with.

Lemonade (from lemons) is an excellent beverage, but I consider that very weak China tea, of good quality, is even better. I do not advise strong tea at any time, or any tea that has stood on the leaves more than a very few minutes. Coffee is rather apt to increase one's thirst. Milk is extremely good, but you have to remember it is food and drink combined, and reduce your eating to the minimum.

Water is the great eliminator and purifier. It thins the blood, dissolves out the impurities in the tissues, and enables the body to get rid of them. It constitutes by far the larger part of the human body, and without it the other ingredients would be useless and the body unable to function. It is the most wholesome drink, and the best medicine that is known.

Remember that, in hot weather, evaporation is very rapid, and you must keep your blood thin. On a long walk the average man will get rid of about a quart of water every seven miles, and, if he would come in fit, and without undue fatigue, this must continually be made up as he goes along. Don't try to force yourself to endure thirst unnecessarily. It is only establishing an immunity to poisons in your blood, and only justifiable when necessary. It is better to allow the power of endurance to come naturally, as it will in time, and it will then be partly due to changes in the skin lessening the loss of fluid through evaporation.

Madame Tussaud's

By Winifride Wrench

Madame Tussaud's.

THERE can hardly be a white person in the Empire who has not heard of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, nor a child in the British Isles who has not been taken there on his or her first visit to London.

Well do I remember, as a little girl, with what sensations of combined horror and interest I visited the famous museum. I kept close to my mother, for the sight of so many lifeless figures round me appalled me. I knew they were only wax, and yet they seemed imbued with a strange, eerie, semi-human life.

To this day it seems to me as if those figures, decked up in the gewgaws and fashions of their time, standing motionless and remote, had some subtle means of communicating with one another, unknown to me—some way of living a life of their own, as if they were only waiting for the shadows to fall and the rooms to be emptied before coming to life and moving to and fro amongst each other. Would the inhabitants of the Chamber of Horrors, that dread place where one lingers, fascinated yet appalled, be allowed to mix with the great ones of the earth? Would Benjamin Franklin become a friend of Robespierre's? or Mary Queen of Scots speak to Elizabeth, or Roger Casement to Lord Roberts?

I gazed about me as I waited for Mr. John Tussaud, and wondered what he would have to tell me. There was a great deal that I wished to hear. Was it true that the exhibition, that had been in London for over a hundred years, was going to America? How had the exhibition originally started? Who modelled the figures? While I was making a mental list of questions I wanted to ask, an elderly man with a shrewd and kindly eye, tall and slim, quite English in manner and

The original Madame Tussaud. From the painting by Paul Fisher.

Madame Tussaud's.

speech came towards me and I found myself explaining what I wanted to Mr. Tussaud himself.

I found out at once that Madame Tussaud's exhibition is not going to leave England. "I have been asked to go on tour in Canada and the United States with the Napoleonic Relics as well as those of the French Revolution, and that possibly I may do in the near future," said Mr. Tussaud, "but the statement that it is our intention to sell the exhibition with all its valuable relics and works of art, as well as the many hundreds of portrait models it contains has never been authorised."

Mr. Tussaud had come straight from his studio, where he and his helpers were busy on a group of sportsmen and women, which will shortly be added to the collection. Talent in modelling and artistic ability have been in the family for generations. Mr. Tussaud's son is following in the steps of his forbears, and is a most capable modeller his father told me. "My great-grandmother, Madame Tussaud," said the present artist of the exhibition, "inherited artistic ability on both sides. One of her ancestors was a metal worker, and she had the advantage of being trained by her uncle, Monsieur Curtius, who first started modelling the figures which ultimately formed the first exhibition." The story is enthralling.

Once upon a time, to be exact, 150 years ago, a little girl was born in Berne, in Switzerland, named Marie Grosholtz. Her father, a soldier, died two months before she was born, but she had an uncle, who later on adopted her and treated her as his daughter. His name was Christopher Curtius, and his profession that of a doctor. He must have been an enterprising and painstaking man, for we are told that he used to model in wax limbs and organs of the human body to help him in his studies. As a pastime he modelled a number of miniature portraits, and soon became famous among his wealthier patients. Visitors to Berne heard of the doctor who was also an artist, and one who came, the Prince de Conti, cousin of Louis XV., invited Curtius to Paris and promised his patronage. The prince was as good as his word, for when Curtius left Berne and arrived in Paris he found rooms awaiting him and a host of important people eager to have their features modelled.

Six years later, needing some one to keep his house for him, he asked his sister, Madame Grosholtz, to join him in Paris with her little daughter Marie. Thenceforth Marie was brought up as his daughter and as fellow-helper in his work, for she proved to have his gift and became an expert sculptor.

Modelling in wax was fashionable in those days, and Marie was persuaded to go out to Versailles and teach the art to Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI. There she seems to have remained as Madame Elizabeth's friend and companion for nine years.

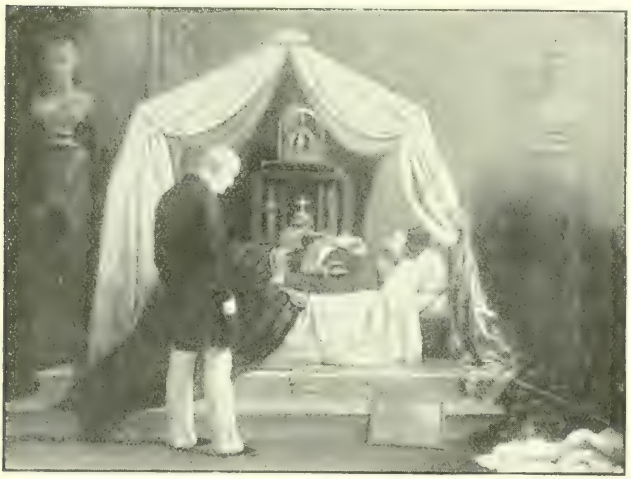
But the clouds were gathering, and M. Curtius, who sympathised

with the cause of the people, sent for Marie to return to his roof. It was probably as well that he did so, for otherwise her fate in those days of madness and frenzy would have been doubtful. Madame Tussaud's.

As it was, the Reign of Terror may be said to have broken loose at the doors of the Curtius Museum, for the people rushed there, demanding the busts of Necker and the Duke of Orleans, "the friends of the people," which they carried through the streets and round which raged a bloody riot.

Marie met many of the more famous revolutionaries at her uncle's dinner-table and in his studio, and used to speak of Robespierre's courtesy and good manners, but till the end of her life—and she lived to the age of ninety—she could never speak of her ghastly experiences without tears coming to her eyes. She saw Marie Antoinette, with her hands tied behind her, on her way to be executed, and later the head, with those of Louis XVI. and of the Princess de Lamballe, was brought to her to be modelled. It is easy to picture the sensations of the sensitive girl with such a task before her. Brutal guards stood over her, to see that she carried out her work properly, and those very models are to be seen at Madame Tussaud's to-day, with the knife which decapitated the originals among hundreds of others.

In 1795 Marie married M. Francois Tussaud and had two sons,



Group at Madame Tussaud's representing Wellington gazing at the model of Napoleon lying in State.

Madame Tussaud's.

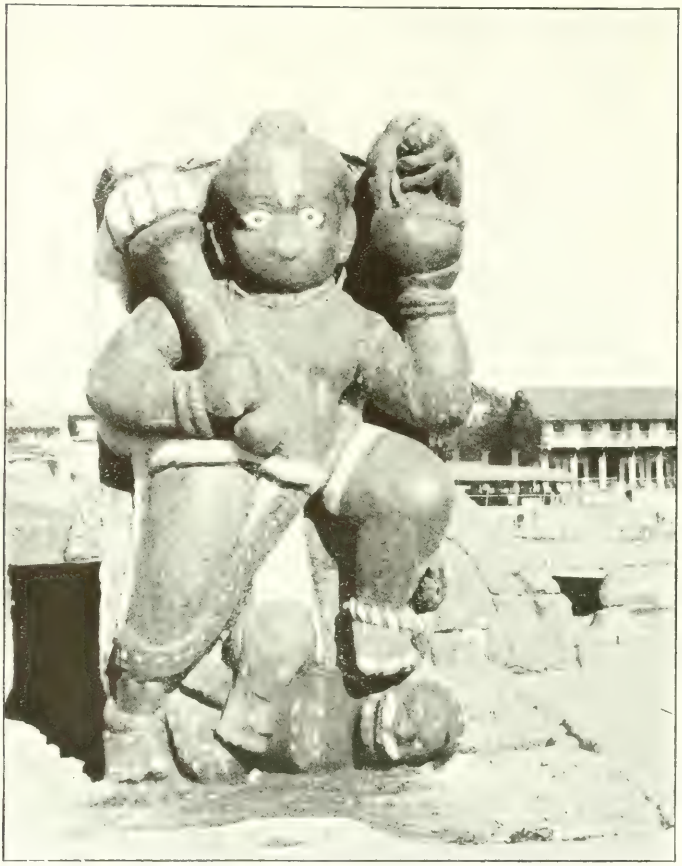
but the marriage was not a happy one, and when, on the signing of the Peace of Amiens, she decided to leave France for ever, M. Tussaud did not accompany her.

Madame Tussaud landed in England in May, 1802, and the remaining fifty years of her life were spent in England. At first she seems to have taken her precious collection on tour, encountering all sorts of vicissitudes, even suffering shipwreck on her way to Ireland, for it was not until 1835, some thirty years later, that the exhibition found permanent quarters in Baker Street. They are now housed, as all the world knows, in fine and spacious premises in Marylebone Road, close to the Baker Street Station.

The stories, grave and gay, connected with Madame Tussaud's are endless, and throw strange side-lights on human psychology. Perhaps the strangest of all is the story of the elderly bachelor who came to Madame Tussaud's to inquire if they would make a model of a lady for him, from a sketch by himself, to be dressed in clothes of his own design. He explained that he wanted to have a woman about the house who would be silent, as he did not care for feminine chatter ; she was to be jointed, so that she might be placed opposite him at meal times, or in an armchair beside his fire ! In short, the model was to represent his ideal woman, whom he had never been able to find in real life.

Many of the figures have been mistaken for real people. I have myself approached the policeman at the head of the stairs and asked him the way, and have watched others doing the same ; and real people have been mistaken for dummies. Mark Twain was once lost in contemplation before a figure, when he was roused from his reverie by a sharp poke in the ribs. He turned in amazement, only to meet the equally amazed lady who had prodded him with her parasol to make sure that he was a figure ! But I like the story of the lady in the crinoline best of all. One of Madame Tussaud's sons was standing beside the turnstile, when a very stout lady with an immense crinoline waddled towards the pay-table, and roused his suspicion by the unaccountable pattering which accompanied the shuffling of her feet. He watched her, and when she found herself well away from the rest of the visitors, out of sight of any one, as she thought, she cautiously raised her crinoline and out stepped two little boys ! M. Tussaud was too amused to ask her to pay for the children.

" Mr. Tussaud," I said, " tell me, whom do you consider the most beautiful woman you have ever modelled, and the greatest person you have ever met ? " But Mr. Tussaud was not to be drawn. " So many pass through my hands. I forget them as soon as I have modelled them." I persisted, " But what is your general impression ? " He looked whimsically at me. " Disappointment," he said, " disappointment with the so-called great."



THE HINDU GOD "RAM," AT NASIK, INDIA.

Photo sent by Mr. Bertrand L. Twinn, 17, Mayflower Street, Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.
This photograph has been awarded this month's prize of one guinea.

Babylon. Photo sent by Mr. E. Pidwell, 25, Park Road, Hampstead.

A New Hebrides Chief with his Sacrificial Pigs. Photo sent by Mr. H. W. Dalrymple, Nam Peko Plantation, New Hebrides.

A Bedouin Tent near Tlemcen, Algeria. Photo sent by Mr. R. Pollock Simpson, Aguilas, Murcia, Spain.

Ivory ready for Shipment from Zanzibar. Photo sent by Mrs. J. McLachlan, c/o National Bank of India, Zanzibar.

Ningpo Boat carrying Bamboo. Photo taken by Mr. A. J. Palmer. Sent by Mrs. Susie Palmer, China Inland Mission, Ningpo, China.

Ripon Falls, Jinja, Uganda, looking towards Lake Victoria Nyanza. Photo sent by Mr. Frank Cole, P.O. Box 47, Nairobi, Kenya Colony, East Africa.

The Cliffs of Normandy

The Cliffs of Normandy.

SHEER, gleaming, wonderful they rise, those towering cliffs, and down at their base the restless waves boom, unceasingly boom. To stand on the shore and gaze up their precipitous, unscaleable sides, reaching higher and higher till they seem to touch the very blue, is to be filled with a sense of utter insignificance, a sense of sharing the smallness of the smallest pebble at one's feet. All along the coast curious caves are hollowed out, caves deep or shallow; when the tides run high the thundering waves crash against the cliff, and where the surface is soft, groove out a hollow against which they fling themselves again and again, dashing against them stones from the shingly beach, and with the stones cutting and carving ever deeper in. In the great storms of late autumn it would seem as if before their fierce onslaught earth's very foundations must tremble, but the wildest storm wears itself out and the tide ebbs, leaving glistening shingle and gleaming tracts of sand, and strange it is to stand in the hushed quiet of the cool, damp caves when the silence is broken only by the drip, drip from the wet walls, and to think of the foaming waves crashing in and the wild dance of the whirling stones. No signs of violence now, of the fury of the elements, very still it is, and outside, amongst rocks of endless curve and shape, happy, barefoot children in a wonderland of delight search for treasures. The rocks are covered with slippery weeds and sharp limpets, and wary must the foot be which seeks a holding, but the shining pools beckon on, and in their depths many coloured anemones of delicate hues stretch out their waving tentacles and shine through the water like jewels.

High, high on the cliff-top the grass by the edge waves long and green, and for mile after mile stretch the cornfields in glistening gold. A child I was in those long ago days in Normandy, those days which I can never forget, and the sense of that shining sea of gold is with me still as I walked along breast high in the little narrow ruts, the swaying blades brushing against my cheek. Scarlet poppies and cornflowers of vivid blue here and there made brilliant patches, and marigolds and the daisy, Chaucer's daisy, which spoke to him of the woman of his dreams, with its "heart of gold and its crown of innocence." The crumbling sides of the cliff were dangerous; oft, when the hurricanes blew, large pieces were broken away or loosened, and a protecting wire ran along some yards from the edge to warn away the unwary passer-by. But a child recks not of danger, and to me it was ever the dearest delight lying down full length in the fragrant grass to slip under the wire and glide along right to the very edge of the cliff, and there with head over the brink to gaze and gaze out and away to those tossing green waters

The Cliffs of Normandy.

below, to watch the waves rise and fall and follow the flying spray, to listen to the thunderous roar.

There was a story of an old woman who in great sorrow of heart, after the death of her child, and driven by restless agony of longing, had gone up on the cliffs in a great storm and been blown over the side. So strong was the wind that her filled-out skirts, parachute-wise, held her up, and she floated down, reaching the shore alive, and there was found gazing dreamily out to sea, her reason gone, her poor head, which had been knocked against a stone, tied by her own hands in a large coloured handkerchief. In those days no doubts came to me of the truth of the story, and for hours I used to lie by the cliffs' green edge sounding with wondering eyes the awe-filling depth, picturing with something of fear and much of envy that strange and perilous flight, and always I felt that had I been her I should have wished for a high tide and the waves, with their glory of gold shot green and glistening foam to await me.

Or, in different mood, it was the little sandy hollows that called, the little sleepy, sunny hollows, tucked away between field and field, sheltered from the wind, where you might stretch yourself and lie all hidden and unseen and watch the wind rush through the swaying corn, making it eddy and swirl in ever changing waves of glory—might lie and listen to the murmuring rustle of the waving blades blent with the far-off roar of the breakers away down below.

The sand in the hollows was hot to the touch ; eyebright hid shyly in the tufts of short grass, and the pimpernel hung out its little stars in the forest of wheat stems, tall and straight. Tiny, glinting insects whirred by on busy wing, and thrifty ants, heavily laden, pushed their way along, regardless of obstacles, to some hidden goal. Up in the sky the little white clouds went floating by and the larks sang—a very wonderful world it seemed as seen from those sun-bathed secret nests, ringed round with waving gold, overarched by unfathomable skies.

I knew of no cares in those long ago days, or I might have thought of the lines which I have thought of so often since, when in spirit I have returned to my Normandy cliffs :

> " The little cares that fretted me
> I cast them all away,
> Out in the fields, above the sea,
> Among the winds at play."

Care cannot live in those wind-swept spaces or troubles loom large enough to hide out heaven's blue, and to one pent up within city walls, hemmed round with endless miles of dreary streets, there is refreshment and peace in the very remembrance of earth's untrammelled green places, its wide-viewed cliffs and pathless seas.

H. d. V.

The St. Barnabas Hostels in France

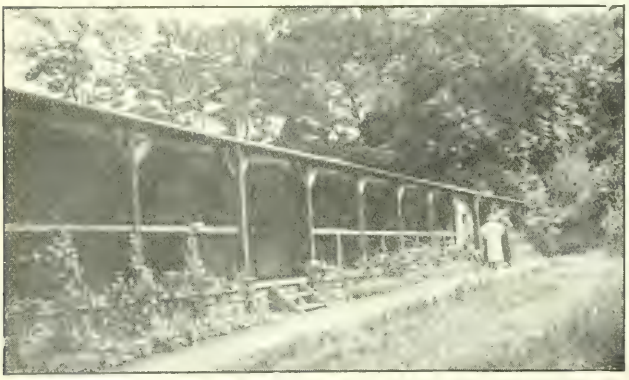
By Mrs. Sims-Bailey, H.C.S., Paris

The St. Barnabas Hostels in France.

I AM anxious to tell my fellow Members who are longing to come and see the graves of their dear ones in France and Belgium all about the St. Barnabas Hostels, which I discovered last spring when looking for the grave of a friend.

I found these hostels, which are simply furnished little houses, run by the voluntary service of ladies who all worked in the Great War, established at Calais, Boulogne, Amiens and Bethune, while rooms were arranged in others at Hazebrouck, Ypres, Poperinghe, Arras, Cambrai and Albert. I have stayed in those at Bethune and Amiens, and can, therefore, speak from personal experience.

The idea originated with the Rev. M. Mullineux, M.C. He was with the Forces all through the War, and won his M.C. in 1918 ; and he also served with the army in the Boer War. After the Armistice he met so many people trying to find graves and not knowing what to do or whom to ask, and who were being charged prohibitive prices for cars and lodging, that he determined to help them if possible. He obtained the financial help of friends and gathered a band of ex-war workers around him, who all give their services and do the entire work. Mr. Mullineux himself is the director and life of the whole movement. He holds services in the little chapels fitted up in every hostel, personally searches for graves, and is unfailing in help, advice and practical sympathy.

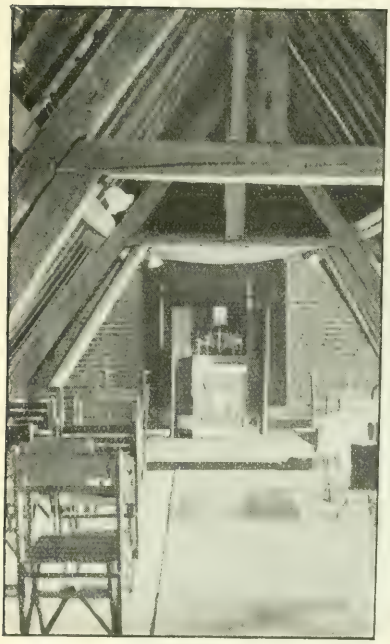


St. Barnabas Hostel at Boulogne. Photo sent by Mrs. Sims-Bailey.

The St. Barnabas Hostels in France.

A very moderate tariff is fixed for rooms and board and use of the cars. Pilgrims are met at boats and trains, and in cases where even the moderate charge would be a burden, it is remitted altogether and the same assistance rendered without question of reward. Of course, those who can afford to pay feel it a privilege to help the good work by donations. In this manner the hostels were run all last year. The need is still so great that they have been opened again, and more are being started in other centres as funds permit.

Mr. Mullineux has started on a lecture tour of Great Britain and Canada, to make known to the thousands of sorrowing mothers and wives that they can visit their graves without undue expense, and be sure of the greatest possible help and sympathy in their quest. The Canadian Red Cross Hostel in London has been working in conjunction with the hostels, and has been of untold help to many Canadian pilgrims. The Canadian Government, and also the New Zealand Government, have officially recognised the hostels as headquarters for graves pilgrims.



The Chapel at St. Barnabas Hostel at Amiens. Photo sent by Mrs. Sims-Bailey.

Many photographs are taken of graves for those who are quite unable to come themselves, and no trouble is spared to comfort those who mourn.

I cannot too strongly urge all who want to come to France to visit graves to write to The Lady Superintendent, St. Barnabas Hostels, 3, Rue des Maréchaux, Calais, France.

I shall be glad also to answer personally any inquiries that Members may care to address to me in Paris, at 7, Rue de Tilsitt.

You are asked to study page 42 and to bear in mind that a great effort is being made to establish a record by enrolling a total of 10,000 new Members in 1921. Have you sent in your new Member yet?

What My First Baby has Taught Me

By Hertha Davies

What My First Baby has Taught Me.

I KNEW absolutely nothing about baby lore before my little son arrived. Any other women who have been in this position will know how alarming it is !—that is, if they have decided to be a nurse-mother in earnest. "I know I shall drop it in its bath, or let it swallow a pin !" one thinks almost despairingly. "And what shall I do if it howls, after the manner of some of its kind, and refuses to be comforted ?" Then there is the bogey of convulsions, the fear of rickets, bandy legs, and I don't know what other ailments ; the question of the right proportions and quantity of food, and numberless other matters. It all seems dreadfully complicated to the inexperienced mother-to-be. And, indeed, looking back over the months of baby's career, I do realise what an enormous number of pitfalls one has to avoid to bring up a really A1 baby, and most heartily endorse Wayfarer's remarks in a recent issue of "Overseas" on the appalling ignorance of parents.

We all profit from the experiences of others, and maybe mine will prove interesting and even helpful to other mothers. Especially to those who have not had the wonderful boon of the friendly advice and guidance of Dr. Truby King, or his proxies in the Old Country at the Babies of the Empire Mothercraft Training Centre, where I was able to attend practical demonstrations before baby was born. It is largely owing to this help and to Dr. King's wonderful baby book* that John Michael is one of the cheeriest and healthiest little babies in London.

He wakes between 6.30 and 7 as a rule and comes into bed for his morning feed. Then, cot and all, he goes straight out of doors—our flat fortunately being on the ground floor with the bed room opening into the garden. On specially bad days the cot stands by the open French windows instead. Here he is happy, partly talking to himself and partly sleeping, until bathing time at ten or thereabouts. As soon as his tub, morning feed and other duties are safely over, out he goes in the garden again, this time in his pram, until two. Then comes a feed and a quarter of an hour's kicking time on the sitting-room floor, and then he takes the air abroad until tea-time. If he is good on his return he kicks and rolls on the floor until six—in the summer he will take his exercise in the garden—but if he seems tired and sleepy before then, down he goes in his pram for a siesta before it is time to be "topped and tailed." Then comes his last feed and so to bed by the open French window,

* "Feeding and Care of Baby." Price 2/4, post free, obtainable from the Babies of the Empire Society, 29-31, Trebovir Road, Earl's Court, London, S.W.

What My First Baby has Taught Me.

with the pure air circling round his little cot, though protected from direct draughts by a folding screen. And this is the last we hear of him till the next morning.

I used to wake him at ten for his supper, but for some time now he has slept the clock round and is thriving on four feeds in the twenty-four hours. I can strongly recommend any mother who has not yet done so to start getting her baby used to regular four-hourly feeds and to no food in the night.

My little John was born in a nursing home, and was always taken from me at night. Nurse used most solemnly to declare that he never had anything but water while he was away from me and usually slept right through the night. I congratulated myself on the wonderful training he was receiving, but, alas, my hopes were dashed. When I got him home he woke at two o'clock, night after night, and simply bawled for food ! The first night I weakly gave in, but thenceforward I was armed with warm boiled water in a vacuum flask at my bedside and hardened my heart to any protests against this meagre fare; with the result that baby soon learnt that there was nothing to wake up for and gave it up in disgust. I shouldn't care to live through that first week again—there's nothing so heartrending as hearing one's own baby crying and knowing how easily one could soothe and comfort him—but it was worth while.

It is the same story in getting all baby's habits " by the clock." Mothers often jump rashly to the conclusion that a baby is crying from hunger, when perhaps he has a little pain or is thirsty, or uncomfortable in some way. Feeding out of hours, besides ruining baby's morals, generally adds to his discomforts by giving him indigestion. The only time when an irregular feed might be considered admissible is when baby really didn't get sufficient for his needs at the last meal. With bottle-fed babies this is a simple problem, for unless baby is ill or his food is not suiting him, it is easy to regulate the amount he gets. With breast-fed babies it is not so easy, but, taking my tip from the Babies of the Empire, in the early days, before John had " got into his stride," I always used to weigh him both before and after each feed. Of course, one mustn't so much as remove a safety pin, change a bib, or in any way alter baby's garments between these two weighings. The difference between them will show the number of ounces baby has taken. Some mothers, who have been fondly imagining that they had plenty of milk, have discovered in this way that they are slowly starving their baby, while others realise that the reason baby isn't thriving is because he is being systematically over-fed. This weighing is specially useful when one has to supplement the breast milk, because, unless one is sure how much baby has had, one nearly always ends in giving too much of the supplementary food.

What My First Baby has Taught Me.

While on the question of food, one or two tips that I have proved useful in keeping up the supply of breast milk may be of interest. There is nothing like bathing the breasts first with painfully hot, then with cold, water, followed by brisk friction. Massage is helpful, but is rather difficult to do by oneself. To ensure taking sufficient liquid I never start feeding baby without having a glass of water by my side to sip during the feed, and I always drink a glass before going to bed and another in the morning.

Plenty of baths, fresh air, exercise, rest, and all the general rules of hygiene should be observed as far as possible. Some lucky mothers have no trouble and do not need any precautions, but with others it is a constant struggle. But if your breast milk is beginning to fail, it is such a mistake to give whole bottle feeds, for the regular stimulation of baby's sucking is most important. Just have the prepared bottle, standing in hot water all ready at your side, and then let baby take as much as he can get from the breasts first.

Of course, scrupulous cleanliness of the breasts is necessary, especially to save baby's mouth from the risk of thrush. And, in connection with thrush, don't let any one wash out baby's mouth. I knew it was wrong, but weakly gave in to my old-fashioned nurse, with the result that John developed thrush before he was a fortnight old ! As soon as I got him home I set to work to clean his mouth with glycerine and boracic acid, and, once clean, I left it severely alone, and it has been perfectly all right ever since. The saliva is all that is necessary, and, however careful one is, it is almost impossible not to introduce some germs with the rag or finger.

Alas, space is giving out, for there is so very much more I should like to write if I am to give any idea of all the baby secrets I have learnt during the last few months. It is such a fascinating study ! But when one realises the far-reaching results, both on the character and health of every action or omission on the part of the mother during baby's first year, it makes one revolt against the stupidity which is content to allow motherhood to be the one unskilled profession in a day ot high specialisation.

Asking for more—the end of fruit juice time.
John Michael, aged 8½ months.

The World's Champion Parent

By a Member

The World's Champion Parent.

FOR many decades Great Britain stood proudly pre-eminent as the home of large families. Her supremacy in this respect was wont to be the wonder and envy of the world. The present writer is a member of a family numbering fifteen. The small English village from which he hailed could boast, in addition, two other important broods, one of twenty-one and the other of fourteen, while the rest of the county seemed to be almost equally productive. This instance of prolificness was once mentioned, with perhaps a touch of presumptuous pride, to an American friend, who retorted unsympathetically that long before such unconscionable numbers could be attained in God's own country a sheriff's posse would interfere. But those were the bad old days before the hortations of Roosevelt convinced Americans of their duty to their country.

Since then America has snatched several laurels from Britain's brow, including the championships of lawn tennis, polo, boxing and other sports. To these trophies she has now added the parental championship, in spite of the example on behalf of Great Britain set by Mr. Arthur Hayday, the Labour Member of Parliament for West Nottingham. The latter's score of eighteen, however, presents a poor attenuated aspect beside the thirty-four of Mr. Reuben C. Bland, of Robersonville, North Carolina !

Mr. Bland is sixty-five years old, but is said, in spite of his not inconsiderable responsibilities, to look young for his age. He has been twice married, his first wife having been the mother of fifteen, while the present Mrs. Bland has brought nineteen into the world.

But he has suffered the inevitable penalty that true greatness exacts. Before an enterprising journalist did him the disservice of " writing up " his family Mr. Bland was an obscure farmer. Since then he has been the victim of 1,400 newspaper interviewers, and can have enjoyed but little time for pursuing his ordinary vocation of farming—a serious matter for a man with thirty-four children to feed, clothe and educate. In consequence of the publicity accorded to his imposing achievement he occupies in America a place in the public mind as conspicuous as that of Mr. Charlie Chaplin and President Harding. The latter is said to have advised him to apply for admission to the League of Nations.

It would be interesting to hear whether any Overseas Member can nominate a British subject likely to recover this championship for the Empire. As a nation we are not accustomed to take our reverses lying down, and while it is an open secret that high hopes exist of some day retrieving our other lost championships, it would be gratifying to know that the prospects were equally hopeful in the case of this one.

A Day of My Life on a Submarine

A Day of My Life on a Submarine.

"A-RA-TA-RA-RA!!" The call of the bugler alongside my hammock disturbs my slumbers, and with a yawn I become conscious of my surroundings, the mess-deck of the submarine crews in the Depot Ship *Titania* at 5.45 a.m. I lash my hammock with the regulation seven turns, and stow it in the "netting" (hammock box). Proceeding to the bathroom, I indulge in a cold sluice, and have completed dressing when the call for crews to "fall in" sounds at 6.15. Not being duty watch, I go below and have breakfast, afterwards enjoying my morning smoke.

At 7.30 the crews repair to their respective boats, tied alongside the ship, preparatory to leaving harbour for a day's "running" or exercises. To-day the flotilla will carry out diving experiments, and attack a cruiser who will endeavour to enter Hong Kong, running the gauntlet of torpedo attack.

The order "Let go!" being given, the wires fall with a splash, and are rapidly hauled in. "Clang" goes the telegraphs, and the boat drops astern. Clutching up the engines, the open sea is headed for. Soon the steady rise and fall of the bows indicate the departure from the bay shelter, and a heavy swell is coming through the Formosa Straits from northwards.

The six boats comprising the flotilla form single line ahead, and on arrival at the rendezvous separate and proceed to their "billets."

Bearings from the Wagner and the Ninepin Group prove that my boat is in the correct position, so all loose gear being safely stowed, the crew go below and preparations are made for diving. My station is in the ward-room, and my report, "Fore-hatch clipped down, intermediate vents and Kingston (flooding valves) open," is soon reported. Every one ready, the captain orders, "Dive to 20 feet," and the tanks flooded, hydroplanes to dive and both motors going ahead, it is quickly reached. For several minutes the boat cruises at that depth, when the captain orders "60 feet," and, sinking as rapidly as possible, watch is kept to observe how quickly the boat is checked in her downward rush. The gauge shows 75 feet before the boat recovers and commences to rise.

Before "breaking" surface, there to await the cruiser, the "skipper" peers round through the "Look stick" (periscope), and suddenly exclaims "She is coming!" She has appeared before the time expected, so some things are not quite ready. Instantly every one is bustling, and "Full speed ahead both!" to enable us to intercept the "enemy." The boat vibrates with the throb of the propellers, as it manœuvres to get into position for the successful "firing of the 'fish'" (torpedo), with hopes of a hit.

A Day of My Life on a Submarine.

"Flood the tube!" "Tube flooded, sir!" comes back. "Stand by!" "Tube ready, sir!" A pause, then "Fire!!" as the captain presses the firing key. There is a sound of escaping air, a whir, and away goes the "fish" on its mission of d—, no, not that exactly, for the torpedo is fitted with a dummy head, preventing any damage to the object it hits.

A few minutes' wait before coming to the top, when a scamper up the "tower" (conning tower) takes place, for a glimpse. Meanwhile the tanks are blown, for diving is completed for to-day. The cruiser registers a "hit," and every one is satisfied. The torpedo is seen bobbing up and down in the swell some distance ahead; therefore, closing up, the boat awaits the trawler which will pick it up. Near by are two junks placidly fishing with sails flapping, for there is no wind. I wonder what they think of our antics?

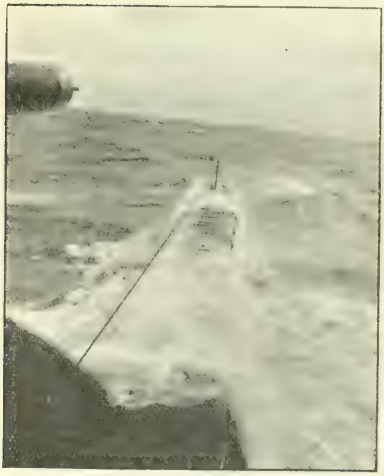
Dinner or lunch is partaken of, which consists of a "straight bake" or royal roast. Our appetites satisfied, and the trawler having recovered the "fish," a move is made to the Depot Ship.

Arriving, the trawler, having preceded the boat, is ready to return the torpedo. Rigging the derrick, the torpedo is carefully hoisted in, when it will be cleaned and prepared for another "run."

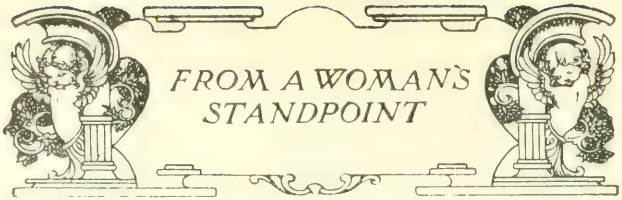
Tea finished, a hot bath comes as a God-send. At "evening quarters" the crews are mustered; the remainder of the evening is at my disposal.

As the flotilla is away from Hong Kong in a bay for a week to the north a few miles, no leave is given, so I write a few letters ready for the next mail, and supper is ready. Supper over, I hear there is a dance on the boat deck, the "Jazz" band being in attendance. The band comprises a piano, violin, 'cello and mandoline or a banjo. Dancing is continued until "Pipe down," 10 p.m. Searching for my "mick," I find it after a struggle and hang it. A final smoke, and I turn in a little tired, I must confess. A short story is read, for I find that very soothing before sleeping, and as slumberous sounds commence to issue from all sides, I snuggle down, and am soon in the "land of nod."

G. T. C.



Not the North Sea but the China Sea. The bows of L 8 emerging from a wave. Photo sent by Mr. G. T. Crouch, H.M. Submarine L 8, Hong Kong.



The Thames—it looked like the Golden Horn,
And the barge, that carried coal or corn,
Like Cleopatra's Galley !

Bright as clusters of golden rod
Suburban poplars began to nod,
With extempore splendour furnished ;
While London was bright with glittering clocks,
Golden dragons, and golden cocks,
And above them all
The dome of St. Paul,
With its Golden Cross and its Golden Ball,
Shone out as if newly burnish'd.

From a Woman's Standpoint.

SWELTERING LONDON. We have had an incredible summer with months of steady brilliant sunshine. Day after day we have woken up to a cloudless blue sky. Night after night we have gone to bed with the thermometer well over 70 degrees. I am writing this from my flat up on the third floor. The doors and windows are all open ; the curtains have never been drawn to try and keep the rooms cool. I hardly feel as if I were in England. The atmosphere, the heat, the wonderful sunsets belong to some Southern clime.

I spent a Saturday recently in the neighbourhood of Windsor Park. The outward journey was done by train, and as we flew through the fields, ordinarily so green, I found they were dry and sun-baked, rapidly assuming the colour of the South African veldt. Gardeners look sadly at their wilting flowers, and are wondering whether their lawns will ever recover or whether the grass has been burnt to the roots. It was too hot to take a walk for pleasure during the day, so waiting till 6 o'clock we sauntered through a corner of Windsor Park. The leaves of some of the trees were so parched with thirst they hung limp and shrivelled.

Our homeward journey, done by bus, took from nine till midnight, and I sat on top in my thinnest summer clothes without a wrap. The new moon hung like a slice of golden melon in the sky.

THE CHAR-A-BANC BOOM.—The railways have been having a poor time of it lately. The coal strike has curtailed their activities for three months, which has given the owners of char-a-bancs their opportunity, and they have seized it. The sunshine has done the rest. Who would not travel these days in the open air, even rather tightly wedged in with strangers, than in a hot and stuffy train ?

These char-a-bancs, high motor cars, hold about thirty people.

From a Woman's Standpoint.

On Sundays you can slip out of London in the early morning, to Brighton, or Southsea, or Eastbourne, or wherever your fancy may lead you. You stop *en route* at certain places, where you may stretch your legs and have a cup of tea or lunch. You come back the same evening and your fare costs no more than your railway fare would, and you have been out in the open air all the time. Or you may go for a week's tour through Wales and take a ticket which includes hotel accommodation, meals, and even tips.

UNKNOWN COMPANIONS.—Letters from readers of "Overseas" always interest me. I have had one from the lonely man whose letter I quoted a short time ago, who says: "You will be interested to know that a gentleman sent me a letter offering to correspond with me. In my opinion he is one out of a thousand to go to such trouble to do a kindness to a perfect stranger, remembering the thousands who read 'Overseas.'"

I hope the correspondence will prove a pleasure to both men.

There is a delightful sense of freedom in corresponding with somebody unseen and unknown, who can make no use of confidences and whose personality always remains hidden. The confidences given to a stranger are often far more frank than any given to one's nearest and dearest, unless, of course, you happen to belong to that small band of thrice-blessed mortals, of whom the poets sing, who have found "the comrade perfect." I suppose this longing for complete, unhampered self-revelation is at the bottom of the confessional.

VOICES.—From this point of view the telephone has always fascinated me, especially when I talk with strangers to whom I am nothing but a voice and who are nothing but voices to me.

I remember once talking to a business man who was going to remove my furniture for me. I had never had any dealings with him before, and at the end of our conversation I said, "As you don't know me and have no references, would you like me to pay in advance?" Whereupon to my immense gratification he replied, "Oh, no. I am never deceived in a voice and I know I can trust yours"! I always purr when I think of that nice man.

At a dinner party not long ago I met a man who also was full of the romance of the telephone. "We have never explored its possibilities" he said, and then told me one of his experiences, One day he had to spend three long empty hours at one of the big Government offices where he works. He had nothing to read. nothing to write, nothing to do. It suddenly struck him he would ring up the Exchange and see if he could get some one entertaining to talk to. He explained his position to the telephone clerk, told her how bored he was and begged to be put into touch with some woman with a charming voice. That clerk must have been

unusually sympathetic, for she promptly put him into touch with a woman possessed of a beautiful voice and a cultivated mind.

From a Woman's Standpoint.

My friend happens to be a brilliant artist and is very well read, so he promptly opened the ball by quoting a passage from Shakespeare. The lady entered into the spirit of the adventure, and since then he and she have spent delightful hours discussing art and books and travel and life. He has never seen her. He does not even know who she is, and is afraid of breaking the spell of their companionship by revealing himself or seeing her. The day I saw him she had written asking why he had not rung her up lately, merely signing herself with her telephone number. One wonders if this will end the story or whether there will be a sequel.

SOME FAULTS OF THE MODERN YOUNG MAN.—Too often, experiences of this kind, which can add to the gaiety of life, are spoilt by vulgarity or stupidity. I know several Members of the Over-Seas Club who in answer to lonely correspondents have received amazing letters, chiefly from young men, who evidently do not know how to behave in such circumstances. One priceless individual described himself as being of "refined beauty in body, soul and mind"! That any one can be so lacking in a sense of humour, so eaten up with self-conceit, as to be able thus to describe himself, damns him, of course, from the start. Others seem to think they are conferring an inestimable boon on their female correspondents. One Member, whom I happen to know is of sterling worth, with brains and good sense, having endured some of these ill-bred outpourings, has written to me as follows :—

> "For months the newspapers have been deluged with criticisms of the modern girl. Bishops, judges, magistrates, great ladies, actresses and actors, have joined in the chorus. But to my way of thinking the modern young man needs criticism far more. Steeped in egoism, conceit, selfishness, nothing matters to him except those things which add to his luxury and his comfort. Even his friends do not escape his analytical and critical eye. Demanding nothing short of perfection for himself he entirely forgets that something is required of him. In a word he is prepared to receive all, but wants to give nothing in return. This, of course, explains his loneliness. The hand of friendship is frequently held out to him, but the microscopical examination to which he immediately subjects it causes its just as prompt withdrawal. The friend he would like, and of whom he has no doubts whatever that he is worthy, does not exist this side of Paradise."

I hope that some of the young men whom the cap fits will read these lines and apply the moral.

A WAYFARER.

Photographic Contest for 1921—22

Photographic Contest for 1921—22.

IN view of the unique circulation of "Overseas," and the fact that no other magazine printed in the English language, nor indeed in any language, can have such a world-wide family of readers, we believe that the photographs of our Members, showing them reading "Overseas," are of very considerable interest in helping us to visualise the ordinary surroundings of our fellow readers. We have decided, therefore, to offer the following prizes :—

(1) Prize of Five Guineas for the best photograph of a man reader of "Overseas" anywhere. (2) Prize of Five Guineas for the best photograph of a woman reader of "Overseas" anywhere. (3) Prize of Five Guineas for the best photograph of a boy or girl under sixteen reading "Overseas," outside the British Empire. (4) Prize of Five Guineas for the best photograph of a boy or girl under sixteen reading "Overseas" in Canada. (5) Ditto in Australia. (6) Ditto in South Africa. (7) Ditto in New Zealand. (8) Ditto in Newfoundland. (9) Prize of Five Guineas for the best photograph of a child under ten reading "Overseas" anywhere.

All photographs (silver prints) should reach us not later than Empire Day, May 24th, 1922, but we hope that our readers will not wait till then but send them along at once.

The Overseas War Memorial

Overseas War Memorial.

Amongst other letters received on the subject of the War Memorial is the following :—"Mrs. H. J. Gosling has much pleasure in sending the enclosed draft for £10 towards the fund for purchasing the premises as a permanent home for the 'Over-Seas.'

"The money is subscribed by a few British women residents of this city, and it is hoped a further gift may be forwarded later."—1719, East 116th Place, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

LIST No. 40.

	£	s.	d.
Empire Day Gift from the Wayfarers, (Rummage and Christmas Sale) ..	20	0	0
Sidney Greer, 12, Hyde Park Place, W. 2	10	10	0
Mr. & Mrs. R. A. Blake, Middelburg, Transvaal, "*In Memory of Lieut. Cecil Blake, R.A.M.C. died in Campaign, October, 1918.*"	5	5	6
Frank B. Segrue, c/o Burns Philp (South Sea) & Co., Ltd., Butaritari, Gilbert Islands, C. Pacific	5	0	0
	40	15	6
Total of sums received under £5	20	5	1
Acknowledged previously	28,650	8	2
Total to date	£28,711	8	9

Productive Work

Productive Work.

A LETTER from one of our leading politicians appeared in a London newspaper a few weeks ago expressing horror at the suggestion that unemployed ex-service men should be employed for house-cleaning. The writer said it was terrible to think of men being employed in anything so " unproductive " as housework.

What does the man mean ?

Why is it more " unproductive " to clean a house than to clean a motor car, a golf course, or a stable ? If civilisation is based upon the homes of the people, and if the progress of a nation can be judged chiefly by its family life, surely anything that improves home conditions is productive work.

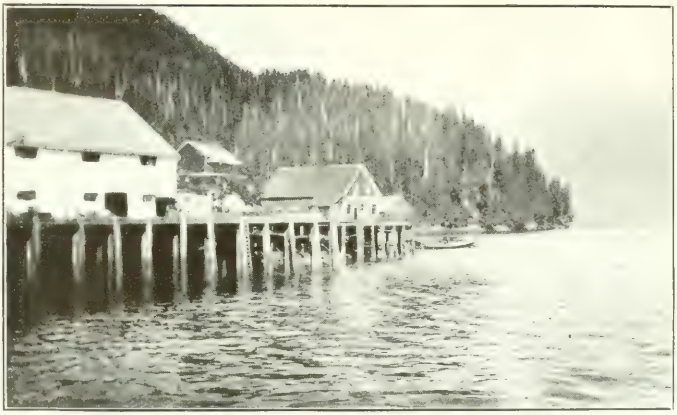
The curious thing is that while we have an outcry against men doing charing and scrubbing—the heaviest and most fatiguing work in the house—I have never seen any protest against the footman who hands tea and performs other light and airy duties in the homes of the wealthy, or the butler who has the care of wine and silver—these have been men domestic servants for centuries without any outcry against their unmanly and unproductive occupations. Even the powdered footman—now happily nearly extinct—was considered quite a desirable person in his day, and the family coachman, who waxed fat for lack of work and exercise, was never classed among the unproductive members of society. In the old country we are still terribly hampered by tradition, and it is curious to hear the shocked comment of the housewife to whom a man general servant or a man " parlourmaid " is suggested, although a footman or a valet would sound highly respectable.

Yet there must be hundreds of unemployed men who are more fit for indoor work than for anything else. Old tradition is probably responsible for keeping them out of it. In big houses in England it used to be quite the thing for a young half-grown girl—the under-housemaid—to carry the heavy scuttle of coal to the drawing room, but the tall footman replenished the fire with a small elegant shovel and tongs and kept the hearth tidy. We are only too accustomed to the men who arrange the windows of our drapers' shops ; last week I saw two of them, tall, hefty young men, carefully dressing a painted wax lady—one held her naked arm unscrewed from her stuffed body, while the other adjusted her brief silken skirt and held

Productive Work.

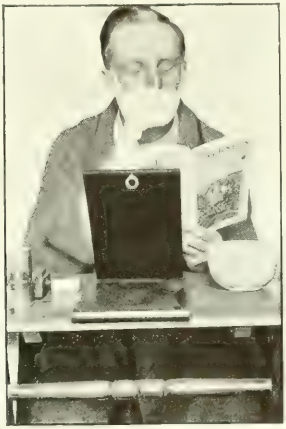
her tinselled apology for a bodice. Surely in these days no one can suggest that those young men ought to be so employed. The brass work of that same shop is all cleaned by women, who scrub on their knees in the early hours before the gentlemen arrive, and very tired those women look if one meets them on the great staircases, polishing the wide treads and the heavy rods. If any enterprising person would organise a household brigade of handy men who could be engaged to clean a house or a room, just as they are now engaged to paint or paper it, they would find it a profitable undertaking. There are already firms who send out window cleaners, who are more or less satisfactory. The difficulty would be that only men of good character could be employed—but this applies equally to the decorator or the plumber. A firm who undertook to keep our houses clean would be able to utilise the most up-to-date apparatus, vacuum cleaners, electric sweepers, and so on, which are beyond the reach of the individual householder, and in our smoky towns we might attain a standard of cleanliness which is at present not to be realised, or only to be realised at the expense of lifelong wear and worry to the housewife. It would probably be found that the ordinary every week cleaning could be done with extraordinary rapidity as compared with our present primitive methods. The untrained housemaid, who flicks the dust from one place, only to let it settle on another, who dabs the dusty wall with a "turk's head" insecurely draped with a grubby duster, who plays upon the banister with a feather broom—and leaves the top of the wardrobe thick with the dust of ages—it is really time we improved on her. By the bye, how very difficult it is to persuade any domestic servant to dust with a damp cloth ! You may explain that if dust flies about it is unhealthy, show her an analysis of the germs contained in a cubic inch of dust, tell her it is a pity to get her pretty hair covered with dust—tell her anything you like, but five minutes later she will be flicking clouds of dust about again.

But do not let us blame the little maid—we have neglected her too much in the past. The Australian girl gets through twice the work in half the time ; she will do her washing in the morning and play tennis in the afternoon, but she is working under entirely different conditions and in a different climate. The only way to make the life of the home-maker easier in our big grimy towns is to bring scientific methods into the home, to replace low-paid unskilled labour by well-paid skilled enthusiastic work. But it must be so organised that it is not more expensive than the old way, for all the world is poorer nowadays, and cleanliness in our big towns is terribly expensive. The upkeep and repair of our old houses costs more every year—and yet we realise more than ever that the health of the nation depends upon clean and well-kept homes. Women are adopting many and various occupations, and it may be that

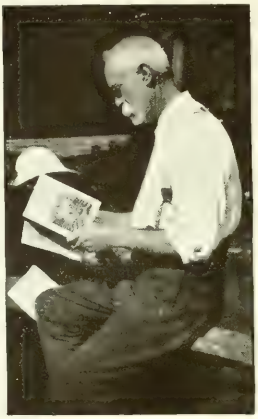


Butedale Cannery, British Columbia. Photo sent by Miss F. A. Drew, 77, Gloucester Terrace, Lancaster Gate, London, W. 2.

A Juvenile Pipe Band playing a "Lament" at the Shangani Memorial, World's View, Matopos. Photo sent by Mr. W. E. Dowsett, Matopos, Rhodesia.



"Improving the Shining (Shaving) Hour."
Mr. A. Watson, 5, South Park Drive, Paisley, Scotland (late of Oporto, Portugal, and Pernambuco and Bahia, Brazil), enjoying "Overseas" while shaving.



Mr. W. F. Putterill in his garden at Bulwer, Natal. Photo sent by Mrs. Putterill, Bulwer, Natal.

Mr Palmer spends the remainder of his tiffin hour reading "Overseas." Photo taken by Mr D. Verner, C.M. Customs, Hankow, China. These photographs help us to visualize our fellow-readers. We hope many friends will send along snaps of themselves reading "Overseas."

much of the harder work of cleaning and washing can be with advantage relegated to men, who, being less foolishly unselfish, will probably arrange to do it scientifically and with far less trouble to themselves. Nor need we fear that women will find their time unoccupied ; most mothers of families can find plenty to do, and we should all be better for more time to think. The hours of work for men are tending to be reduced in all our great industries ; it rests with women to arrange whether they ought not to have more time off, and whether our men-folk might not all learn to be as handy as their colonial brothers. A delightful letter from a Member in India, which I should like to print in full would space permit, ends with these words : " The pernicious old idea that a lad should sit idle or go out to play while his women-folk wear themselves to tatters in his service should certainly not survive in the twentieth century. True chivalry can best be taught by encouraging boys to lend a hand, and be considerate to women, especially to their own mothers." For the next generation, at any rate, everything is in the hands of the mothers, if they will only make their power effective. **Productive Work.**

ERNESTINE MILLS.

The Best Way

[Mrs. Ernestine Mills, who edits our Home-Makers' pages, is ready to answer questions or to give any advice for which our readers may ask her.]

Every sender of a " Best Way " tip is entitled to nominate a friend to receive six free issues of " Overseas."

Best Way.

AN EXCELLENT HOT WEATHER DRINK.—Take fifty chillies (dried), eight cups of sugar, two ounces cream of tartar, one ounce tartaric acid, one bottle essence of lemon, one bottle of cochineal, six cups of boiling water. Put the chillies in a pan with one cup of water and boil for twenty minutes. Add the sugar and other ingredients, and lastly five cups of boiling water. Stir well until the sugar is dissolved, then bottle. This makes a strong mixture, which is drunk diluted with water.—Mrs. W. Davies, " Redlands," Manjimup, West Australia.

IN CASE OF ILLNESS.—Many Members of the Over-Seas Club must be situated some distance from the nearest doctor, and to such the following " tip " should prove of service in emergency. At the first sign of illness stop taking food, or take only liquid food, such as fruit and vegetable juices. This will give the system an opportunity of resting, which will allow the eliminating organs to get rid of the poisonous matter which is always present in the case of sickness. A fast can be undertaken with perfect safety to the ordinary individual, for a considerable time, but this may not be necessary, and to those who have not the confidence to fast more than a day or two, advice can be obtained, when the services of a physician can be procured. Directly on commencing the fast, the bowels should be cleared by the use of the enema or occasional doses of aperient medicine—such as fruit salts or other " natural "

Best Way.

herbal medicine. Strong purgative drugs should be avoided if possible. Fruit and vegetable juices should be taken in place of the ordinary meals, but not mixed, and between times water may be drunk according to individual requirements.

A victim of quinine-drug poisoning discovered that by fasting when attacked with malaria he could dispense with the use of quinine, which, after repeated doses, began to adversely affect his sense of colour, which in his particular profession amounted almost to disaster. The value of fasting in ill-health has become somewhat obscured, and while it would be equally beneficial in practically all cases of sickness, often preventing complications from arising, its practice has been confined to cases of surgical operations and acute diseases in which it is imperative to withhold food for a certain time.—Philip P. Olley, Y.M.C.A. House, 76, Hanover Street, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

POPOVERS.—One cup of sifted flour, one egg, one cup of milk, one pinch of salt.

Mix well together and drop batter into small-cup cake tins from tablespoon, after greasing tins well, and bake in hot oven from ten to twenty minutes, according to heat. When done, leave in oven with the door wide open for about five minutes ; that keeps them from falling in.—Miss R. Waterfield, 208, Broadway, Taunton, Mass., U.S.A.

PARADISE PUNCH.—Grate the rinds of three lemons and three juicy oranges into an enamelled saucepan. Add the juice of all these, with one pound of white sugar and four cupfuls of water. Boil for five minutes, stirring carefully. Strain, and when cool add the juice of five lemons, two grape fruit, three oranges, and one small tin of grated pineapple. Just before it is wanted pour the mixture into a glass jug or punch bowl, with two quarts of cold water and a few lumps of ice.

TO COOK AN OLD FOWL.—Steam the fowl gently for two hours, then cover the breast with a slice of fat bacon and roast it in a quick oven for an hour, removing the bacon after the first half-hour so that the breast may brown. This way of cooking makes an old fowl as tender as a chicken.

" BEST EVER " MAYONNAISE.—One teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard (dry), one pinch of cayenne pepper, two egg yolks.

Mix dry ingredients thoroughly, add egg yolks and mix again, then add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and beat all together with an egg-beater. Add oil enough to thicken, beating that in also with egg-beater.

MOON EGG SAVOURY (ORIGINAL).—One egg, one ounce grated cheese, one dessertspoonful butter, pepper and salt to taste. Cut fancy rounds of bread and butter, lay in a dish. Hard boil an egg, take out the yolk and mix with grated cheese, butter, salt and pepper. Spread the mixture thickly on the bread. Then cut the white of egg in half moons, lay on the top, and garnish with parsley. The above amount is sufficient for four people.—Miss I. M. Johnston, " Kinlough," Glengary Road, Kingstown, Co. Dublin, Ireland.

OYSTERS WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—Take some tinned or fresh oysters and tomato sauce, add to the sauce some finely chopped horse radish. Mix together and serve in champagne glasses.—S. Soddy, Dinamita via Noe, Dgo. Mexico.

Can any reader inform us as to something which will remove from clothing the stain caused by the juice of the banana tree ? We have received an enquiry from a Member in Honolulu, who is unable to get any information locally.

THE OVERSEAS FORUM

Members are invited to correspond with one another.

The Overseas Forum

BRITISH NATIONALITY ACT HARDSHIPS.—I noticed in "Overseas" some very interesting correspondence and comments thereon with reference to the nationality of sons and grandsons of British subjects born in foreign countries. I think that the points raised by your correspondents are very important. Take my own case: I was born in England, and am married to an Anglo-Argentine, that is, my wife was born here of British parents. Our sons are deemed Argentine while residing here, but they can claim British nationality elsewhere. I understand from what is stated in the article above quoted, that if my sons marry and settle down in Argentine their children cannot claim British protection, or in other words, that British nationality does not cover the third generation. Nevertheless I have two sons born here who volunteered and served with our Army in England and France for two years, and surely their children should be entitled to claim British protection!—C. Lockwood, Calle Rivadavia 654, Buenos Aires, South America.

CARRYING OUT OUR FIRST OBJECT.—While I was in Basra last year an Over-Seas Member wrote to me from Jamaica (seeing my name in the magazine as H.C.S.) saying that her husband was buried at Basra, and she wondered if I could possibly obtain a photograph of the grave. By the time her letter reached me, I was back in India, but, as I had taken a snapshot of the Military Cemetery at Basra (my brother-in-law is also buried there), I was able to send her a view, not of the actual grave, but of the cemetery itself. I have heard from her since, saying she has received the photo, and that it will be a cherished possession.—Mrs. Mackinnon, c/o Messrs. King, Hamilton & Co., Calcutta.

PROSPEROUS FARMERS.—I regret to state that I have very little news this time, beyond stating that the past year has been a very

[*Photo: L.N.A.*

Lieut.-Colonel Geoffrey Brooke, 16th Lancers, on his horse "Combined Training," who won the King George V. Gold Cup at the London Horse Show. Col. Brooke is the first Briton who has won the cup.

The Overseas Forum.

good one, and farmers have done very well, especially in the dairying industry. Many of them have averaged over £100 per month for their cream. The present season has started well as we have had beneficial rain.

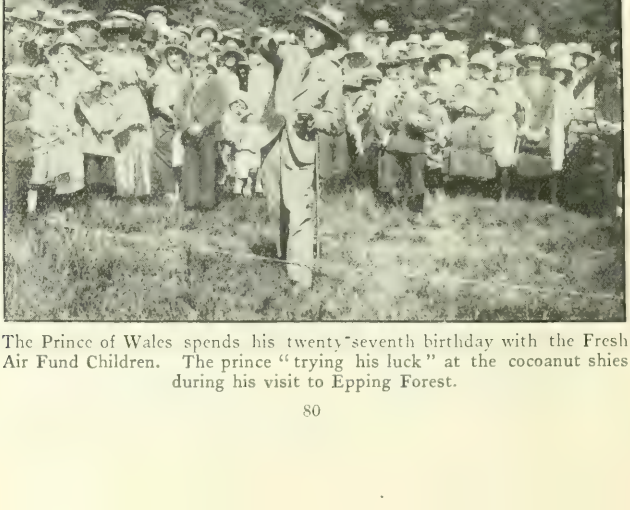
Australia is a good country to live in, and would be much better if people would give up striking and settle down to work, but I suppose things will right themselves in time.—A. F. Allison, c/o The Queensland National Bank, Ltd., Haden, Queensland, Australia.

THE BABIES' EYES.—I have been much interested in the discussions on the cause of so much blindness in England and have felt impelled to write you the views of a grandmother on the subject, who has from time to time advised and tried to prevent what is a gross unintentional cruelty to our babies.

The practice of taking infants out in perambulators without adequate protection to save their young eyes from the glare and sun I consider the root of the evil. To prove my theory is easy. Let any adult lie down face up to the sun and glare, even for one hour a day ; try it for a month or even a week, and he'll soon find his sight ruined, and our British children are exposed to this, year in year out.—Mrs. C. Kirkpatrick, 4033, Lake Avenue, Charlotte P.O., Rochester, New York, U.S.A.

HEART OF KALAHARI DESERT.—The magazine suits my tastes down to the ground, and I read it over and over again, after a few months. Reading matter of any description is at a premium up here, on account of the distance from railway communication, no roads, scarcity of water, etc. I am stock farming, and live alone ; one half of the year I am travelling about with cattle, taking them out to the markets, or bringing others to the farm that I have bought.

It is a far cry from the city of London to the end of the Kalahari desert, but at one time I was a constable in the City of London Police Force, and



The Prince of Wales spends his twenty-seventh birthday with the Fresh Air Fund Children. The prince "trying his luck" at the cocoanut shies during his visit to Epping Forest.

came out to the Boer War and remained in the country ever since.—T. Hardbattle, Ghanzie District, N. Gamiland, *via* Serowe, Bechuanaland Prot., South Africa.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S NEW STAMPS.—I am sure that all our Members who are collecting stamps will be pleased to learn that the oldest Colony (now Dominion) of Newfoundland dedicated very fittingly her first new issue after the War to the memory of all her heroic sons who answered the call in 1914–18, and served with the British Army and Navy in the recent great struggle.

The stamps are of twelve denominations, and of simple design, all carrying a caribou head in scroll (the caribou is the native deer, the caribou-head being the cap-badge of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment).—F. F. Wills, 326, Duckworth Street, St. Form, Newfoundland.

FEW BRITONS.—I am rather isolated here because I am the only English-speaking person for miles around, and there are very few British at that among them.—John Clerk, Compania Cubana, Colonia El Cielo, Miraflores, Prov. de Camaguey, Cuba.

THE OTHER TEN PER CENT.—Ninety per cent. of the residents here are Members, and I hope to rope in the other ten per cent.—Captain H. Bathurst, Amoy, China.

[*100 per cent. membership should be our goal.*]

BADGE MAKES FRIENDS.—As a member of the Johannesburg Branch of the Over-Seas Club since last autumn I am writing to thank you for starting such a splendid society of comradeship and service all the world over. Even during the short period of membership I have hailed new acquaintances with delight on the strength of seeing them wear the badge.—Miss H. R. Hope. c o Dr. Long, Maseru, Basutoland, South Africa.

We wish every Member would make a point of wearing the badge.]

Photo: Daily Mirror.

Punch and Judy's audience at the recent children's fête at the Botanic Gardens, London.

OVERSEAS

The Overseas Forum.

NEVER TOO LATE.—I am very happy to be a Member of the Club, and only wish I had joined some years ago, as I have travelled a good deal, and I am sure it would have been of use to me on many occasions.—P. St. Clair Christie, P.O. Box 109, Salmon Arm, British Columbia, Canada.

ONLY THREE EUROPEANS.—There are only three Europeans at Domasi, and this makes two of them Members of the Over-Seas Club.—Frank W. Bowman, The Domasi Mission, Domasi, Nyasaland, British Central Africa.

"MY OWN ISLAND."—I live in a rather isolated spot on my own island, and am not able to do much for you, as my neighbours are very few and far between, and, as far as I know, they, like myself, belong to the Lemuka Branch.—G. M. Hennings, Naitauba, Fiji.

WHO IS OUR LONELIEST READER? IS THIS THE MAN?—I live alone on this island of ninety-two acres, except for half a dozen indentured native labourers. My nearest white neighbours are thirty miles away. That sounds lonely, but I never am. Days are far too short. But how does it stand as a record?—J. G. Munn, Nivani Island, via Samarai, British New Guinea.

LIMA, PERU.—Have been discussing matters about the Over-Seas Club with several friends of mine, and feel sure that in a short time we can get quite a lot of Members.

Have lived many years in Mexico, Central and South America; can therefore supply you with information that might prove interesting and of value.—W. H. Highes King, All America Cables, Inc., Casilla 229, Lima, Peru, South America.

TWO LONELY MEN.—This station is on the lines of communication with Persia, and is very lonely with only two men in a large bungalow.—C. Peters, Ordnance Depot, Hinaidi, Mesopotamia.

GOOD TIMES AHEAD.—I look for British Columbia to take a big boom within the next year or two, and it is a most pleasant place in which to reside.—W. J. Enwright, c/o General Delivery, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

THE RIGHT PROPORTION.—I am glad to inform you that every Briton at this place is a Member of our Club.—H. W. Basson, c/o Messrs. Mann & Cook (W.A.), Ltd., Bisma, Sierra Leone Protectorate, West Africa.

RE-DISCOVERING OLD FRIENDS.—I may add that I always read your monthly journal with great interest, and incidentally, it has been the means of giving me the address of two old friends of mine of whom I lost track owing to the late War.—Geo. Payne, British Consulate, Bremen, Germany.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—Will you please post on to me some membership forms, as we intend to get some more of our friends interested?—Mrs. Peter Tait, Caddon Bank, Denbigh Street, Mataura Southland, N.Z.

"Welcome, my son. Please excuse the old home being so empty."

Sketch in the London *Daily Express*.

By A. St. John Adcock

ADMIRERS of G. B. S. may be divided into those who take him too seriously and those who do not take him seriously enough ; and each side claims Mr. Shaw as one of themselves. The first accept his frivolities without a smile ; the second often laugh in the wrong place. If he is misunderstood ; if, as he intimates, he has been stupidly stigmatised as a buffoon, he has only himself to blame for it. He is such an incorrigible humorist ; his sense of the ridiculous is so abnormally developed that he is too acutely aware of our human fatuities to be able to pity the simplicity of the average man, to have patience with the pathetic farce of his blind and very transitory existence, to respect the naïve, unsophisticated beliefs of such as are humble enough to have any.

His preface to " Back to Methuselah," though it covers a good deal of ground he has trodden before, is as brilliantly alive and suggestive, in its scorn of the weakness and inhumanity of the Darwinian doctrine, its exposition of the somewhat nebulously-named Creative Evolution, its confession of his own social and dramatic faiths, despite his protest that his powers are waning, as any of the many prefaces he has written. But when you pass on to his new drama, you feel that in writing it he did not sufficiently exercise the self-control which he claims as " the one quality of survival value which Circumstantial Selection must invariably and inevitably develop in the long run."

No theory of evolution endorses the biblical account of the origin of man, yet he opens his evolutionary drama in the Garden of Eden with Adam and Eve and the serpent, all complete, instead of starting more consistently with some indefinite primitive man and woman, the natural products of that evolution whose laws he upholds. This unsettles one at the outset with a feeling that he is not jesting in earnest. Dryden was blamed by the unco' sensitive for wishing to turn Milton's " Paradise Lost " into an opera ; and Mr. Shaw has turned it into a more or less farcical comedy. Adam and Eve shout " Coo-ee ! " to each other like Australian settlers ; and when, after the ejection from Eden, Cain enters and quotes, without acknowledgment, two lines from Tennyson, you suspect it was because Mr. Shaw saw a chance to guy the smug Tennysonian heroics and could not resist the temptation. In the same irresponsible mood, or as if he were

My Month's Reading.

jealous for his reputation as a jester and must strain to get continual laughs out of his audience, Mr. Shaw makes his President of the British Isles in the year 2170 A.D. hail his Chief Secretary, the Chinaman Confucius, with, "Well, illustrious Sage-and-Onions, how are your poor sore feet?" which is not essentially in keeping with the President's character, and is too feebly funny for any but a low comedian in a revue. One resents it because Mr. Shaw is too great a man and too true a humorist to allow himself to indulge in such cheap facetiousness; and these things are blots on his work and mar its effectiveness.

The argument of his play, or, rather, his series of five plays, is that man grows old and dies so soon because, tacitly receiving the Psalmist's assertion that three-score years and ten are the natural limit of human life, he ages and ends in accordance with his expectation. Mr. Shaw thinks, as many of us do, that if a man had faith he could move mountains; that if a man believed in himself, the recuperative power of his body, the potency of his own will, there is no reason why his life should be such a brief span, no reason why he should not continue to live and retain his faculties for at least 300 years; and in these plays he shows you how men do at length develop that capacity and, accidents apart, survive over their three centuries. Probably none of us will ever be strong enough to more than believe he believes he can live for so many years, and therefore the thing will never happen; so Mr. Shaw may be right in treating the idea as a great joke. Anyhow, he will not convince anybody that man can achieve such longevity, and the circumstances under which his people are living in 31920 A.D., "As Far as Thought can Reach," will not make anybody anxious to try the experiment. To emerge from an egg to all intents at the age of seventeen, have a year or two of love and youth and systematic frivolity, and then to prepare to take a place among those unspeakably wise bores, the Ancients, only serves to make one realise that, after all, there is a good deal to be said for a short life and a gay one. Whether that is the moral Mr. Shaw set out to convey I admit I do not know. He closes on a fine and a more serious note, but it does not reconcile you to what has gone before. All I can say with certainty is that the plays are immensely entertaining; when they are dealing, as in "The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas," with politicians and ordinary problems of our own day, they are devastatingly satirical; their cleverness and most of their humour are undeniable; they persuade you that life is too short for a man to fulfil himself and his ideals, but not that by taking thought and exerting his will he can lengthen it. Even the tragedy of that impotence is not brought home to you. Nothing is, except that Mr. Shaw has had his joke and you have been amused by it.

(Continued on page 89.)

TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES. OH! WHAT A SURPRISE.
Strube, in the London *Daily Express.*

DO WE TAKE OUR CRICKET TOO SERIOUSLY?

You may judge if you go to a Test Match to-day. Repeated defeats have indeed cast a sort of melancholy over players and spectators. It used not to be so in happier sportive days of cricket in top hats.

W. K. Haselden, in the *Daily Mirror.*

AFTER ALL, HE DOES US CREDIT.
Jack Walker, in the London *Daily Graphic.*

HIS TAIL UP.

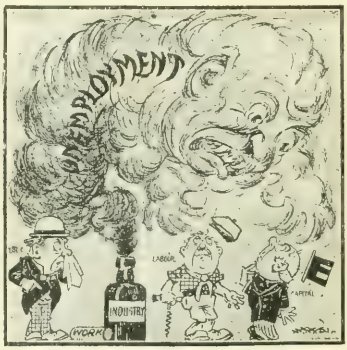
The strength of the Australian "tail" compared to that of the English team had a great deal to do with our defeats in the Test Matches.

Tom Webster, in *Daily Mail.*

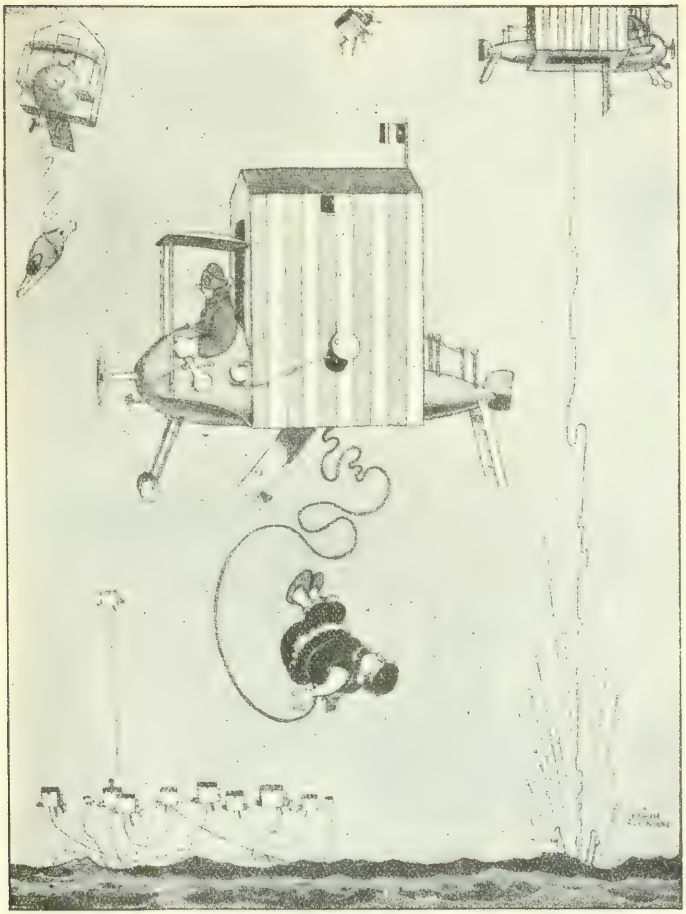
DON'T LOOK AT HIM—GIVE HIM A HAND!
From the London *Daily Express.*

ALL AT SEA.
Rollin Kirby, in New York *Life.*

"OUT YOU GO, YOUR TIME IS UP."
From the London *Daily Express.*



"BETTER PUT THE CORK BACK."
Jack Walker, in the London *Daily Graphic.*



THE NEW AERO BATHING MACHINE

A remarkable invention designed to assist those who "hesitate upon the brink."

Heath Robinson, in the London *Bystander*.

"What's the trouble, Tommy?"
"I'll tell you later; I have to quiet mamma's nerves now!"
From *A Careta*, Rio de Janeiro.

Talkative Passenger: "I suppose the weather has prevented you from making your observations to-day, Captain?"
Crusty Captain: "It evidently hasn't prevented you from making yours."
New York *Life*.

(Continued from page 84.)

My Month's Reading.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe has arrived at very much Mr. Shaw's attitude towards our political and social organisation, with a difference. He has seen from the inside the horrors and political chicaneries from which we have been suffering in these last seven years, and has no heart to make light of them. In "The Making of an Optimist" he compels you to take him seriously because he is profoundly in earnest. He confesses that, as a result of personal experiences, his view of life underwent a complete change :—

"I had seen on the five fronts the misery and desolation of war, its blasting effect upon character, its stupidity and its appalling ill-management. I had learned that rulers, whether claiming divine appointment or holding office only so long as they could persuade nations to vote them into power, were seldom superior in character or intelligence to the general run of their fellows. I had realised the pitiful and ruinous consequences of leaving to such men decisions which meant life or death, contentment or wretchedness, to numberless millions of men and women. The civilisation which I had once thought to be the highest yet achieved by humanity now seemed mean and shallow. It secured for a few the utmost material comfort and mechanical convenience, while it left the mass to struggle for scarcely more than bare subsistence, with destitution never far away."

He tells you of what he saw in the war zone, what he knew of the trickery and humbug that went on behind the scenes among the war-mongers in various lands, and shows how, more and more, he lost faith in the ruling classes and was stirred to indignation by the glaring social inequalities and injustices that were perpetuated by the law and sanctified by the churches, till in the end he found himself, as must every man who stops to think, in revolt against a social order that cannot be squared with any sort of religion or with plain common sense. He came to believe in revolution ; not of the violent kind : "No change of institutions can bring any more than a slight, passing benefit ; we need a change of heart." He believes (as the richest and greatest of us did when we were calling recruits to the War) in brotherhood, and that love, after all, will save and regenerate the world : "for all who believe in the power of love are optimists." I like the fearless honesty of the book, its unequivocal plain-spokenness ; it is a book for everybody, and one that everybody, in these times, would be the better for reading.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.—Miscellaneous Literature : "Back to Methuselah," by G. Bernard Shaw. 10s. (Constable.) "The Making of an Optimist," by Hamilton Fyfe. 12s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.) "A History of the Port of London," by Sir Joseph Guinness Broodbank. £3 3s. (Daniel O'Connor.) "Roving East and Roving West," by E. V. Lucas. 5s. (Methuen.) Poetry : "Weeping Cross," by A. H. Bullen. 5s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.) Fiction : "Fanny the Fibber," by Mrs. Horace Tremlett. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.) "Low Ceilings," by W. Douglas Newton. 8s. (Appleton.) "A Fool's Errand," by Mrs. Victor Rickard. 8s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.) "Passing By," by Maurice Baring. 7s. 6d. (Secker.)

"Overseas" Editorial Rooms,
London.

News from from Headquarters.

A MANCHESTER FIRM'S SPLENDID EXAMPLE.—On Empire Day we received a delightful surprise in the form of the following letter from Messrs. Robert Williams & Sons, Chatsworth Mills, Gorton, Manchester :—

"Dear Sir,—We enclose herewith a list of twenty-six of our employees who are desirous of becoming Members of the Over-Seas Club. We have arranged to pay their first year's fee and subscription and cost of a badge, and they have all undertaken to continue in membership for a second year. Our idea is to unite our workpeople together in a social kind of way outside working hours, to extend good feeling and comradeship.

"We are interested first of all in our own employees, and have set aside accommodation to serve as a club-room for them with a circulating library, and have formed a Pigeon Club, and intend to carry out meetings of a social nature, during the summer in the form of country rambles and in the winter in the form of whist drives, etc.

"If we succeed in this small way, we intend to enlarge our circle by including all the Members of the Over-Seas Club in Manchester, the idea being to form a Manchester Branch, with the central club-rooms in the city. It may be some little time before we reach this end, but, you see, we are in the right direction.

"Our two principals, Mr. Llewellyn Williams and Mr. S. Williams, are both Members of your Club, and think that it will be beneficial for the employees here to be linked up with such a world-wide organisation as the Over-Seas Club.

"B. Macmillan."

In this letter was enclosed a cheque for £21 9s., being a year's subscription for twenty-six of the employees of Messrs. Robert Williams & Sons. We are particularly delighted to receive this letter for two reasons : firstly, because it so entirely carries out the spirit of our society, which aims at bringing all sections of the community—employers and employed—together ; and secondly, because it comes from Manchester, where our membership has hitherto not been as strong as we should have liked.

OVERSEAS

News from Head-quarters.

We hope that some of our friends overseas will send a cordial line of greetings to the Branch which has been established among the members of the staff of Messrs. Robert Williams & Sons. Letters can be addressed to either of the principals of the firm, Mr. L. Williams or Mr. S. Williams. We hope that the splendid example set by Messrs. Robert Williams & Sons will be followed by other firms.

* * * * *

TWO WELCOME VISITORS.—We have had much pleasure in welcoming at Headquarters two splendid friends of the Over-Seas Club movement in the persons of Mr. K. Cohen, our H.C.S. at Napier, New Zealand, to whose work on our behalf many references have been made in these columns, and Mr. H. Cooper, President of our Mafeking Branch.

It is tremendously heartening to us at Headquarters when friends like these, who, as the result of many years' work, show us what they feel about our movement, visit us in London. Both of these friends have enrolled several hundred Members for us.

* * * * *

THE WAYFARERS. RAMBLING SECTION.—During the holiday months the various Rambling Societies are organising Country Rambles on Saturdays and Sundays. Among places to be visited are : Uxbridge ; Littleton Church (one of the smallest in England) ; Chislehurst, including the famous caves; Eltham Palace, one of the most interesting relics of Old London ; Edgware and Cannons ; and Windsor and Eton. Overseas Members who would like to avail themselves of this opportunity of seeing something of the beauty spots near London are asked to apply for programmes to the Reception Secretary.

NAPLES, ITALY.—Genoa is not going to have it all its own way as far as the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League interests are concerned in Italy ! We have just received a batch of the best part of 100 renewals through our Secretary, Mrs. Mallam, 142, Corso Vittorio Emanuele, which must include most of the members of the British community. Most satisfactory accounts reach us of the activities of the local Branch. Rome and Florence must look to their laurels. Our two best Italian Branches are Genoa and Naples.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.—We wish every town in Canada had as good a Branch as we have at Halifax. The new Committee has just been elected, and among the officers are :—Hon. President, Mr. Justice Russell ; President, Dr. H. L. Stewart ; Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. M. Bradford ; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. E. Hart Nichols ; Hon. Auditor, Mr. J. A. Brailsford.

LIVERPOOL.—The Over-Seas Club flag is figuratively still flying merrily in the breeze on the Mersey, and Miss Mills, our secretary, sends us a fresh batch of new Members almost every day. Very successful Empire Day celebrations were carried out when Mr. Alfred Bigland, M.P., addressed the Branch. Visitors are very welcome at 2, Bold Street.

INVERUGIE ESTATE, NATAL.—Mr. N. Davey is a splendid friend. He

News from Head-quarters.

has enrolled nine new Members in our "big push" so far, and is running out of application forms.

MAUI, TERRITORY OF HAWAII.—Mr. D. C. Rattray, of Puunene, sends us a Life-Member and several new recruits.

TENGYUEH, CHINA, has long been an O.S. centre. A batch of new Members and a Life-Member are to hand from the secretary of the branch, Mr. H. G. Fletcher, of the Custom House.

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM.—A batch of new Members from our good friend, Mr. A. B. Butcher, of the Union Club, 52, Avenue de la Toison d'Or.

OSAKA, JAPAN.—Nine renewals from our energetic friend, Miss A. S. Williams, our H.C.S., of Bishop Poole Girls' School.

ROBINSON DEEP BRANCH, JOHANNESBURG.—Mr. C. Ryan, of Box 1392, Johannesburg, sends along a batch of renewals.

GENOA, ITALY.—Thanks to the efforts of the committee, our branch is doing splendidly. Very successful Empire Day celebrations were carried out, and the Members visited the graves of our soldiers and sailors who died during the War. The President of the Branch, H.B.M. Consul-General, Mr. W. H. M. Sinclair, was present. Membership now exceeds 120. Our congratulations to the hon. secretary, Mr. D. H. P. Madge.

GERMISTON, TRANSVAAL.—Twenty-seven renewals to hand from our splendid friend, Mr. H. J. Tonkin, of P.O. Box 136.

CAIRO, EGYPT.—A nice batch of new Members from Miss H. Lassell, of the Kasr-el-Aini Hospital.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.—Mr. W. M. Squire, c/o Messrs. W. M. Strachan & Co., Ltd., has completed his "big push" booklet, and sends along six new Members.

WIBORG, FINLAND.—Mr. R. C. King, British Vice-Consul, forwards several new Members.

WHYALLA, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—A nice batch of new Members reaches us from our H.C.S., Mr. J. S. Brimage.

The Mafeking Branch's O.S. picnic on "Dingaan's Day."

OVERSEAS

News from Headquarters

CONSTANCIA, CUBA, WEST INDIES. —All the local Britishers have now been enrolled by our energetic H.C.S., Mr. J. O. Mayes, c/o The Colonial Sugars Company.

CAPE PALMAS, LIBERIA, WEST AFRICA. —Four renewals and five new Members come from this spot, which practically represents all the local Britishers. We are very grateful to Mr. H. J. Maggs, of the Cavalla River Co., Ltd., P.O. Box 2.

LOWER HUTT, NEW ZEALAND. —Half-a-dozen new Members and renewals come from Miss A. D. Douglas, our H.C.S.

NEW YORK. —Mr. H. A. Faille, of 65, Ravine Avenue, Yonkers, keeps us well posted as to the activities of the New York Branch, which seems to be going strong. The committee had a very successful Empire Day celebration, and are hard at work collecting money for their proposed club rooms. It will, indeed, be a red-letter day when the New York Branch gets its own premises. But we hope they will make haste slowly and wait till they have ample funds for the purpose.

DENVER, COLORADO. —Our good friend, Mr. W. Clegg Butt, the President of the local chapter, sends a further supply of new Members, bringing up the Denver total to fifty-eight. If only we had a Mr. Clegg Butt in some of the other large cities in the U.S.A. If only !

KINGSGATE, BRITISH COLUMBIA. —Six new Members from our good friend, Mr. G. H. Hales. We wish our Canadian mail was a bit larger.

SMYRNA. —Eight new Members and renewals from our H.C.S., Mr. C. F Hadkinson, despite the troublous times locally.

MEDELLIN, REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA, SOUTH AMERICA. —Ten renewals from our good friend, Mr. E. J. Shorman, Apartado No. 7, the secretary of the local Branch.

PAU, FRANCE.—A further batch of renewal subscriptions from that yeoman worker for our cause, Mr. A. Clayton Thompson. The Pau Branch had a very successful gathering on Empire Day.

PRETORIA, TRANSVAAL.—Several good friends are working away increasing our membership at Pretoria. Among others, Mr. W. P. E. Stokes Waller, of the Native Affairs Department, Box 384, sends several new Members.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA. — Another supply of renewal subscriptions and new Members from our splendid representative, Mr. J. H. Cargill, M.B.E., whom we have just had the pleasure of welcoming at London headquarters.

PIONEER, *VIA* TOWNSVILLE, N. QUEENSLAND.—Six new Members from Mr. B. C. J. Martin, Pioneer Sugar Mills, Ltd.

BELGRADE, SERBIA.—A further batch of new Members from our H.C.S., Mrs. Hinscliff, 7, Getingska Ulica, whom we have recently had the pleasure of welcoming at Headquarters.

The Mafeking Branch's "Dingaan's Day" special O.S. train. The figure in white is our splendid friend Mr. H. Cooper.

All Members are invited to make free use of this section.

Members' Exchange.

ORRESPONDENCE.—Miss Jessie L. Brehant, 6139, Larchwood Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.—"I should like to exchange postcards and correspondence with Members."

E. A. Hearne, c/o Anglo-Central American Commercial Bank, Ltd., Managua, Nicaragua, Central America.—"I should like to exchange picture postcards with Members in all parts of the world."

Miss Adeline E. Kriel, "The Falls," Barkely East, C.P., South Africa, wishes to correspond with Members in any part of the world.

Miss W. H. Meyer, Mahowries, P.O. Chatsworth, S. Rhodesia, South Africa.—"I shall be glad to correspond with Members anywhere, preferably between the ages of eighteen and thirty, and should be very grateful for any stamps Members may be able to spare to add to my collection, which suffered sadly during my war work."

W. T. High, S.A.R., Lawley, Transvaal, South Africa.—"Could you insert a notice in the magazine to the effect that I have changed my address from P.O., Meyeilon, to the above, and would be glad if all correspondents would kindly note?"

Denver, Colorado, U.S.A., would like to have communications from any Londoners interested in this section of the Rocky Mountains. Photographs sent of the mountain scenery, postal cards exchanged, letters answered promptly. "We have a big membership, and are out after more. Write us: W. Clegg Butt, President, 1446, Clarkson Street."

D. Howard, P.O., Doornboom, Transvaal, South Africa.—"I am anxious to get into touch with correspondents in Paris, Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal."

Miss M. Lily, 742, Colombo Street, Christchurch, New Zealand, would like to correspond with Members in all parts of the world.

Y. Lamontagne, B.Sc., 91a, Mance Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.—"I should like to hear from some readers who are interested in the old religions, perhaps I should say philosophies, of India. Could some kind person give the names of books which I could refer to in order to get more light on the subject?"

Miss Sydney I. Allen, Ugie, East Griqualand, South Africa.—"Will you please put me in touch with Members wishing to correspond with a South African Member."

H. Shaw, Slaaihoek Mines, P.O. Airly, Transvaal, South Africa.—"I would like to communicate with any Members of Mexbrough, Wombwell and Conisbrough, in Yorkshire."

W. H. Kerrison, Ballalaba P.O., *via* Braidwood, New South Wales, Australia.—"I would like to hear from Members in the North-Western Territories, Yukon or Northern British Columbia, Western Canada."

Corporal L. C. H. Martin, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Weyburn, Sask., Canada.—"I would welcome correspondence from any Member in any part of the globe, and would be willing to exchange snaps."

INFORMATION GIVEN AND REQUIRED.—H. P. N. Gubbins, Assistant Auditor, Lagos, Nigeria, would like to know if some one could give him reliable information as regards capital needed, climatic

conditions, and general information with regard to rubber planting in Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

Mrs. M. B. Barnes, R.R. No. 1, Summerland, B.C., Canada.—"I should be glad to receive any information from Members living in any of our British colonies (except Canada) as to their respective life, climate, conditions, industries and occupations, especially as they affect women. This information is required for a paper on 'British Possessions' to be written for a Women's Institute meeting."

Farming and Coconut Planting in the Philippine Islands.—A Member who has an established farm is willing to give information to any one with capital wishing to take up land. Write "Manila," c/o The Over-Seas Club, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C. 2.

S. E. Gamell, 82, Rua da Paz, Afogados, Recife, Pernambuco, Brazil, South America. Wanted: 1. Text-books and suggestions of practical methods of teaching English to Latin peoples. 2. Illustrated guide booklets of only the agricultural districts of the United Kingdom. 3. Post-cards of types of only British subjects of the different races posted from their respective countries. Given in return: View cards, newspapers, and pillow lacework of Pernambuco.

Miss C. Hume, 30, Wellington Square, Hastings, Sussex.—"I wish the Club could help one sell sketches and flower studies. My master, Capt. Longstaff, official artist to the A.I.F., says they are worth selling."

Geo. Pearl, "Histon," Sidcup, Kent. "Artist Member of Over-Seas Club desires to correspond with fellow Member with a view to placing work (English landscapes in oils and water colours) on overseas market."

Rev. F. Middleton, Quilmes Grammar School, Quilmes, Buenos Aires, South America. "I shall be glad if you would insert a notice in 'Overseas' asking clergy or teachers in the Dominions to correspond with me. I shall be pleased to give any information as to the possibilities for educational work in the Argentine."

R. J. Head, The Imperial Trading Co., Coomassie, Ashanti, W. Africa —"I would like to have approximate details of the cost of living in all parts of the world."

V. J. Cooke, Messrs. E. V. Cooke & Co., 3, South Parade, Manchester. —"If any O.S. Members from abroad come to Manchester and require any information I shall always be glad to do what I can for them."

EXCHANGE OF STAMPS.—Chas. L. Hart, P.O. Box 66, Christchurch, New Zealand, desires British colonial stamps, and will send an equal number to each Member from whom he receives any.

P. L. Stockdale, Apartado 79, Pachuca, Hgo., Mexico.—"I should like to exchange stamps with Members in all parts of the world. Would send Mexican stamps in return."

F. Caren, P.O. Box 5, Tafo, Gold Coast Colony, Africa, would like to receive stamps from Members all the world over. Would send Sierra Leone and Gold Coast Colony in return.

H. B. Kitching, Kamo, Pinjarra, Western Australia.—"I would like to exchange Australian stamps for stamps of British colonies in Africa, on the basis of Stanley Gibbons."

A. G. Blackburn, Casilla 69, Traiguen, Chile, South America, will send Chilian stamps in exchange for those of any country excepting England. Letters should be registered.

James M. Copeland, c/o National Bank of South Africa, Ltd., Clifton, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa.—"I shall be glad to exchange African stamps with Members all over the world."

A. Hughes Hooper, c/o All America Cables Inc., Casilla 14, Paita,

OVERSEAS

Members' Exchange.

Peru, South America.—"Any one wishing stamps from this part of the world may write me at any time and I will do my best for them in exchange for picture postcards."

F. Chorley, P.O. Box 124, Kampala, Uganda, B.E. Africa.—"Member wishes to exchange stamps from all parts. Can send sets of older issues used and unused, also sets of new stamps of Kenya Colony and Uganda, Congo and late G.E. Africa. Willing also to exchange P.O.P. glossy post-card-size photographs, all subjects for views of all parts."

Reginald Lee, Casilla de Correo 722, Buenos Aires, Argentine, South America.—"I would like to exchange postage stamps with Members in all parts of the world."

W. Watson, Sarmiento 385, Buenos Aires, South America.—"I would like to receive from fellow Members stamps of the current issues of any country (excluding South America), in exchange for which I will send the equivalent in present Argentine and Chilian issues."

Miss B. A. Bailey, 38, Fitzwilliam St., Doncaster, Yorks.—"I should like to have stamps from the Principality of Monaco."

William T. Trahair, 22, Ivy Street, Prahran, Melbourne, Australia, wishes to exchange British colonial stamps with advanced collectors in any British colony, particularly Newfoundland and West Indies. He will exchange unused for unused, rare for rare, on basis of Gibbons' catalogue.

T. M. Nagaratnam, Wilde & Co., Ltd., Seremban, F.M.S., will appreciate if any of the Members would send stamps of any part of the world in exchange for F.M.S., S.S., Johore, etc.

Francis Chorley, Box 124, Kampala, Uganda.—"I require stamps, used and unused, of all parts in exchange for stamps of British East Africa, Uganda, German East Africa, Congo, etc., or, if desired, photographs of these parts in P.O.P. prints, postcard size, or sets of postcards of fifty various tribes of natives."

H. P. N. Gubbins, Assistant Auditor, Audit Department, Secretariat, Lagos, Nigeria.—"I would like to exchange stamps with Members in British colonies only, as I specialise in British colonials. Have got a large stock of old Northern and Southern Nigeria King Edward and King George, and a few Sierra Leone and Gold Coast King Edward, and also a few Queen Victoria. Exchange current mint issues at face value and rest at Stanley Gibbons' catalogue value."

C. Wesche, 30, Carlton Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn., U.S.A.—"While in the army, I had the opportunity of visiting Gibraltar and also Tangier, in Morocco, but as my stay was so short I was unable to get any postcard views of the localities. I would like to receive same from Members, for which I shall be glad to send United States of America stamps, including the new issue of the Tercentenary of the Pilgrim Fathers."

G. McVean, c/o Messrs. Grindlay & Co., 54, Parliament Street, London, S.W. 1.—"Stamps of British Possessions, particularly of West Indies, wanted. Stamps of British Possessions, etc.. offered in exchange, basis Stanley Gibbons."

G. S. Leeland, I.P.S., 9, Southampton Street, Fitzroy Square, London, W. 1.—"I would like to correspond with stamp collectors in any part of the world. Write in English only. Will give advice and opinions on any matter dealing with philately. I have a few stamps to exchange."

D. D. Black, c/o American Express Co., 65, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.—"I wish to exchange unused mint British Colonial stamps for used or unused British Colonials and foreign, whichever preferred. Basis, prices quoted in Gibbons."

Members' Exchange

Duncan McKechnie, 98, De Villiers Street, Turffontein, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa. "My stocks of Congo stamps are rapidly dwindling, and I find it difficult to supply any correspondents at present without new writers asking me, and I wish to be fair with those who have already written to me."

J. E. Pratt, 114, Rapson Road, Durban, Natal, South Africa, wishes to exchange stamps with Members in all parts of the world. Large assortment of South African stamps for exchange.

G. I. C. Boshoff, Central Street, Jagersfontein, O.F.S., South Africa.—"I would be pleased to exchange stamps and postcards with Members all over the world, and would also be willing to give any information concerning this town."

Dalles Lawrence, P.O. Box 66, Kroonstad, O.F.S., South Africa.—"Young collector will exchange South African stamps for stamps of any other country."

C. W. Jefferies, Standard Banks of South Africa, Ltd., Box 57, Cape Town, South Africa. "I am willing to exchange stamps, especially with collectors in British colonies, as I specialise in same."

R. D. Dugdale, Darwin, Northern Territory, Australia.—"I desire to exchange postage stamps. Can give British New Guinea, Papua, North-West Pacific Islands, Australasian, New Zealand, Tasmania, and Pacific Islands. I require new issues in sets, up to ten of a kind. Please do not send very common or defective stamps. I always reply promptly."

F. H. Touzeau, c/o Messrs. Lloyd Nacional, Avanida Rio Branco 106-108, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.—"I should have great pleasure in exchanging postage stamps with Members all over the world. Any stamp of any description and denomination will be greatly appreciated, and in return I could supply Brazil, Argentine and a few European countries."

Mrs. D. Fife-Schaw, c/o Mastschappij Voor Uitvoer and Commissie-Handel, Semarang, Java, Dutch East Indies.—"My husband is a very keen philatelist, and would be delighted to exchange stamps with Members all over the world."

L. Stenhouse-Huntley, Bank of New South Wales, Camden, New South Wales, Australia, wishes to exchange stamps with Members for British possessions. Stanley Gibbons basis, 1920 catalogue.

BACK NUMBERS OF "OVERSEAS."—W. S. Biacker, P.O. Box 9, Adelaide C.P., South Africa, would be glad to receive numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 14 of "Overseas."

R. Guerin, c/o Philippe Lagesse & Co., Ltd., P.O. Box 74, Port Louis, Mauritius, would be glad to receive numbers of "Overseas" from January to July, 1920.

J. Wainwright, Private Bag, Broken Hill, N. Rhodesia, South Africa.—"I have the following 'Overseas' journals, 1916, August, September and November; 1917, January, February, March, June, August, September and December; 1918, August and October; 1919, January, April, May, June; 1920, all but February. Any Member can have the lot by paying 16s. to the Memorial Fund, or any Member can have the number they require at 1s. each for the Memorial Fund."

S. A. S. Fareed, 63, Remy Ollier Street, Port Louis, Mauritius.—"I would like to receive 'Overseas' numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, in exchange for which I will send Mauritius views or stamps. I should also like to exchange correspondence, postcards and stamps with Members."

THE BEST CAR

ROLLS ROYCE

IN THE WORLD

WE wish customers, who in the future order Rolls-Royce Chassis, to enjoy the benefits arising from the reduction in wages and cost of material. For them, the price of the Chassis will be £1,850.

CHASSIS **£1850** PRICE

ROLLS-ROYCE, LIMITED, 15, Conduit Street, London, W.1

Telegrams: Rolhead, Reg, London. *Code: A.B.C. 5th Edition.*

Members' Exchange.

M. E. Cooke, Maligatenne Estate, Veyangoda, Ceylon.—"I am anxious to receive the following copies of 'Overseas': December, 1915; January to June, 1916; October, 1916; July and August, 1917; January, 1918; April, 1918; June to August and December, 1918; September and October, 1919, and January, 1920."

F. E. Ashdown, c o Standard Bank of South Africa, Ltd., Nairobi, Kenya Colony, would be grateful to any Members who could send him the following numbers of "Overseas" to complete his volumes:—Nos. 1–11, 13–25, 27, 28, 30, 34 39, 44 and 50. All would be acknowledged, and in return he would send stamps of Kenya Colony, picture postcards, photographs, cash or any other reasonable exchange.

Guy Wyatt, Willoughby, Cheltenham, Glos. "I would like to receive February, 1920, 'Overseas.'"

E. A. Barry, Modder "E," P.O., Modderbee, Transvaal, South Africa. "I wish to hear from Members in all parts of the world, and would like also to obtain Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 of 'Overseas.' I will willingly buy them or exchange postcards if desired for them."

K. Cohen, c/o "Overseas," would like the following issues:—Nos. 1—16, and 26 and 28.

John Wright, Engineer, San Salvador, Central America.—"I am anxious to receive September, October, and November, 1920, magazines."

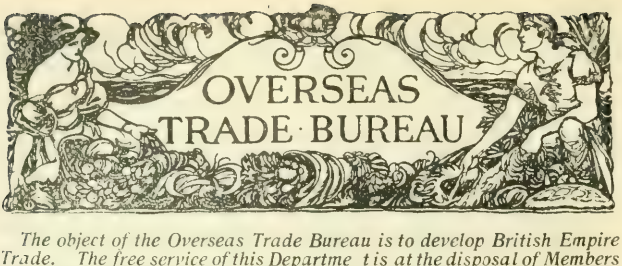
MISCELLANEOUS. W. R. Wrench, 39, Parkwood Road, Boscombe, Hants. "A Member aged 19½, public school education and ex-midshipman, wishes to obtain knowledge of horsemanship previous to going abroad. Would any Member offer position in private stables or on farm where riding horses are kept? Could start September. Near London preferred."

Mrs. Chas. Blanchard. If any Member of the O.S. Club could give the address of Mrs. Chas. Blanchard (*née* Mary Fisher, daughter of the late Rev. Henry Fisher, Milverton, Leamington), they would oblige H. McN. Fisher, Ramaquabane Siding, Bechuanaland Protectorate, Africa.

To Overseas Teachers. Two lady Members engaged in teaching near London offer hospitality to overseas teachers. Apply to Teacher, c/o "Overseas," Over-Seas Club, General Buildings, Aldwych.

Lieut. G. E. Roper, Supply Officer for No. 91 Brigade and Superintendent, S. & T. Gardens, Sheikh Othman, Arabia, wants quarters whilst home on three months' leave, about July to September. Interested in gardening on land contaminated by sea water, tapping underground streams, cotton growing and manufacture of potash. Terms to c o Manager, London County Bank, Wallington, Surrey.

Guernsey, Channel Islands, November 15th, 1920.—The notice of "an old friend" (only just seen as he has only just received his January magazine) caught the eye of A. B. J., and caused him much pleasure. He has a very good recollection of the voyage in 1899, and sincerely congratulates the "old friend" on the increase of avoirdupois, especially as it is due to "a quiet and happy life." What of Antoinnetta? Did a Telegraph ship carry the 7½ stones to Guernsey? Please note new address, Engenho Central, Lorena, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil.



The object of the Overseas Trade Bureau is to develop British Empire Trade. The free service of this Departme t is at the disposal of Members and genuine trade enquiries are welcomed. A number of the enquiries we have received during the past month are printed below. Members wishing to avail themselves of the service of the Bureau sho ld send their enquiries to The Overseas Trade Bureau, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

Overseas Trade Bureau.

VEGETABLE IVORY.—"I am anxious to obtain the fullest information possible on vegetable ivory for button making, its future possibilities as to market values and demand; whether it is a safe proposition in planting for the future, as it takes fully twelve years to mature. Would any manufacturer be interested in planting for future supplies; if so I would like to be placed in touch with him. There are several of my friends here desirous of obtaining this information. I would also like to obtain information on kapoc planting, future possibilities as to markets and demand, etc., and to be placed in touch with users of the raw material."—Enquiry 2043, British Solomon Islands.

CROCKERY.—"I desire to get into touch with Home firms interested in crockery of all sorts, tea sets, jugs, bedroom ware, bowls, vases, etc., etc."—Enquiry 2041, New Zealand.

AGENCIES FOR SPAIN.—"Englishman with long business experience in the Far East now settled in the South of Spain desires agencies. Has some experience of life insurance."—Enquiry 2044, Algeciras.

SOUTH AMERICA.—"Commercial gentleman just returned from South America wishes to meet a working partner with a view to forming a trading company."—Enquiry 2022, London, W.C.

BICYCLES.—"Would you kindly put me in touch with manufacturers of cheap bicycles who are able to ship in quantities, also manufacturers of motor, motor cycle and cycle tyres."—Enquiry 2045, Syria.

WAGGON WHEELS AND AXLES.—"We have for immediate disposal at a very low figure wheels and axles (for 29-in. gauge), also axle boxes and support frames from 100 5-ton coal waggons in perfect condition, and are anxious to get in touch with prospective purchasers in India or the East."—Enquiry 2006, Straits Settlements.

TALC AND KAOLIN AND COPPER MINING.—"I desire to get into touch with Home firms interested in talc and kaolin and copper mining, more particularly as to these minerals in Australia and marketed here and elsewhere."—Enquiry 2046, South Australia.

MEMBERS OVERSEAS starting industrial enterprises, or planning the development of natural resources, will note with interest the announcement of the Wardle Engineering Co., Ltd., Advisory Engineers, 27, Buckingham Gate, Westminster, S.W. 1, England. They advise on the cost of plant, the securing of the right plant, how to lay it out, to drive it and to work it, etc. We are informed by the company that they have been purchasing the engineering requirements of several overseas Governments for many years. Their announcement will be found on page 11.

Overseas Employment Bureau

[The Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League merely acts as a medium of introduction, and cannot be held responsible for the accuracy of any of the announcements published.—Editor.]

Overseas Employment Bureau.

STORE-KEEPING AND MARINE WORK.—Young Englishman, twenty-seven years of age, with thorough knowledge of South America and at present in England, is desirous of immediately obtaining a position either at home or in South America. Is thoroughly experienced in store-keeping, general office routine, traffic and marine work.—*E.B. 1022.*

EX-NAVAL LIEUTENANT, who has had experience of oil-field work, also an all-round marine man, is anxious to obtain position anywhere as chief of dock works or anything connected with marine work. Has recently returned from abroad.—*E.B. 1023.*

AN ENGLISHMAN by birth, residing in the United States, wishes to be located once more under the British flag. Twenty years' experience as a commercial traveller, first-class references. Confectionery line, all branches. Married.—*E.B. 1024.*

A STRAITS-BORN CHINESE, age 26, who has had ten years' business experience in the East, and who is acquainted with all the business firms in the Malay Peninsula, would like to be employed by any big firm dealing in fancy goods. He is confident that the firm's business will flourish, and guarantees to secure orders from the Straits Settlements and Federated Malay States. He is prepared to accept a reasonable wage plus passage expenses to your port.—*E.B. 1026.*

GENTLEMAN, age 24, recently returned from West Africa, requires position in any capacity. Knowledge of banking, book-keeping, etc. Willing to travel anywhere.—*E.B. 1027.*

MEMBER would be grateful for any information regarding openings for Englishwomen in North Africa or Egypt. Names and addresses of newspapers in which advertisements might be inserted would be very welcome.—*E.B. 1028.*

MEMBER with twelve years' nursing experience in England wishes for position as children's nurse in U.S.A. or Canada.—*E.B. 1029.*

EX-SERVICE MAN (naval engineering branch) requires work with engines and boilers. Has had twelve years' experience with same. Married. Age 30. Has had much experience as storekeeper.—*E.B. 1030.*

WOULD ANY MEMBERS having local knowledge of fruit-farming and bee-keeping in South Africa or Eastern Canada be so kind as to give information on the subject to a Member who is prepared to invest about £5,000 and to settle where prospects seem favourable.—*E.B. 1031.*

"I WONDER if some fellow Member knows of any lonely, neglected spot in the Empire where the services of an Englishwoman with experience of farming would be appreciated as housekeeper? Used to natives."—*E.B. 1032.*

PLANTER, age 21, four years' experience in Ceylon in tea, rubber, cocoa, coconuts and pepper. Can speak Tansil and manage native labour. Has also had eighteen months' office experience. Willing to go abroad anywhere.—Gerald C. W. Allfrey, c/o Over-Seas Club.

ENGLISHWOMAN desires post to travel as secretary (shorthand, good languages) or as companion. Would go to any country or colony. Domesticated, fond of country.—Miss Warren, Via Palestro 14–9, Genoa, Italy.

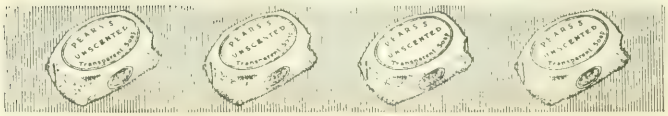
It is *easy* to make soap

It is very easy to make soap—of a kind; a schoolboy could do it. But to make really pure soap is so difficult that some manufacturers are baffled altogether They persuade themselves that, after all, actual purity does not matter very much, and they turn their attention instead to making their soap attractive by vivid dyes, fancy shapes, and heavy perfumes. But Pears' Transparent Soap needs no disguise nor any meretricious attraction. For 130 years it has relied only upon its purity and excellence, with the result that more Pears is sold today than ever before. All over the world the demand for it is increasing simply because its undeniable purity is at once manifest to all who use it. It proves itself to be Matchless for the Complexion.

Pears

SOAP

Matchless for the Complexion



League of the Empire Notes

League of the Empire Notes.

VERY busy days the League of the Empire has had of late preparing for the Imperial Education Conference in Canada, which opens on August 10th. It will be a very representative gathering, for, besides about 100 representatives of universities and teachers' associations in the Mother Country, there will be delegates from Australia, South Africa, India, New Zealand and the West Indies, and, of course, from the Canadian provinces, east and west. All the delegates will be the guests of the Canadian Committee and will be lodged in the University buildings in Toronto—the meetings of the Conference being held in Convocation Hall. Very full programmes have been drawn up both for discussion and also for sight-seeing. Thus the meeting will be of wide interest and cannot fail to further the League's great work of bringing into yet closer union the teachers of the Empire.

INTERCHANGE OF TEACHERS.—The League's scheme for the interchange of teachers between the Home Country and the Dominions is making progress. Over 100 teachers from overseas will arrive in London during the next two months to take up work in London and the neighbourhood, whilst a number of English teachers will take their places overseas. So popular is the movement that for seven vacancies offered by the League in New South Wales there were 200 applications, and similar eagerness to take part has been found everywhere. The League's object in all this work is not only to enable teachers to have the advantage of travel and experience of other systems of education, but also to strengthen the bonds of Empire through the influence of the teacher throughout the schools of the Empire.

All particulars may be obtained from Mrs. Ord Marshall, Hon. Secretary, League of the Empire, 124, Belgrave Road, London, S.W. 1.

FOR EVERYTHING MUSICAL:
Music, Player-Pianos, Pianos, Organs, Gramophones and Records, String and Wind Instruments. Your definite enquiry invited. Catalogues free. Quotations, including delivery to your seaport (and safe packing for export) our specialty. Established 1883. Bankers:—London Joint City and Midland Bank, Ltd.
ROCKLEY'S MUSICAL SERVICE, LTD. 84 86, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2, England, and Nine London Branches.

PERU HOTEL
WOBURN PLACE
RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C. 1
Central, City and West End, 2 minutes British Museum, quiet, comfortable, good table and cooking. Bed and breakfast, 2 guineas each per week. Luncheons, 2s. 6d. Dinners, 3s. 6d. 'Phone, Museum 6771. Attentive service and cleanliness a speciality.

The larger our advertisement revenue, the more we can spend on improving "OVERSEAS."

Notes about our Advertisers

By the Advertisement Manager

Notes about our Advertisers.

TWO GREAT MOTOR EXHIBITIONS, to be held in London in October and November next, are announced on page 1. Organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd., the Fifth International Commercial Exhibition, from October 14th to 22nd, will be held at Olympia; and the Fifteenth International (Private Cars) Exhibition at the White City and Olympia, London, from November 4th to 12th. The Commercial Exhibition will comprise the world's largest display of petrol, steam and electric motor vehicles, etc., while the exhibition of private cars will include the widest range of private cars yet staged, showing 180 makes, at prices varying from £100 to £4,000. Members desiring further particulars of the Exhibitions should write to the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd., 83, Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1.

THE BURMAH TEA CO.—Tea and coffee purchasers will note with interest the prices quoted in the announcement of the Burmah Tea Co. on page 24 of this issue. The proprietor of the company, Mr. A. A. Beer, is a Member of the Over-Seas Club, and will welcome inquiries from fellow-Members.

OUR BANKING SECTION shows from month to month the business notices of many first-class banks whose operations are world-wide. Members seeking banking information or addresses of nearest branches of particular banks will receive prompt response on writing to the head offices. The addresses are published in each banker's announcement. (Pages 13—15.)

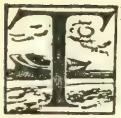
LONDON JOINT CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED.—The directors of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, Limited, announce an interim dividend for the half-year ended June 30th last at the rate of 18 per cent. per annum less income tax, payable on July 15th. The dividend for the corresponding period of 1920 was at the same rate.

THE ANGLO-SOUTH AMERICAN BANK announces the publication of a book of "Exchange Tables," to assist manufacturers and merchants who now quote, or propose to quote, in foreign currencies, weights and measures. In order to provide for the present abnormal range of quotations, supplementary tables are given, by means of which conversions may be calculated at almost any rate by simple multiplication or division. Head Office, 62, Old Broad Street, London, E.C. 2.

AN IDEAL FERTILISER.—The announcement of the South Metropolitan Gas Co., R.B. Dept., 709, Old Kent Road, London, England, will be of interest to those Members engaged in farming (page 21). This company invites overseas inquiries for their Metro-sulphate, which, we believe, will be of particular interest to farmers who have hitherto used sulphate of ammonia. Metro-sulphate is bone-dry, and is readily distributed. It does not absorb atmospheric moisture, and is guaranteed to contain 25½ per cent. ammonia. Prices and descriptive pamphlet will promptly sent on application to the company.

FURS, COATS AND RUGS.—Messrs. H. and B. Hoffman & Sons, Ltd., 27a, Finsbury Square, London, E.C. 2, are now showing new modes in coats and wraps for the coming season, and are also prepared to accept renovations and repairs of coats and furs. In the rug department, this firm have a good selection of leopard, bear, tiger and wolf rugs, etc.

A Country Fit to Live In



HE Union of South Africa has a great agricultural production, and a greater agricultural future. Such is the confidence of its people that they have invested in farming more capital than even the mines have attracted. Merchants, industrial magnates, and successful professional men, in increasing numbers, are building up South African farm estates, not as a speculation but as a promising investment. They look on those estates as homes to which they can retire.

Artisans, clerks, shop assistants, who have saved sufficient capital to acquire and develop land, are taking up poultry-keeping, orcharding, market gardening, pig-farming and such propositions, and are living the wholesome and spacious life of the veld, where a man may find contentment, working for himself.

Those people, with capital large or small, are not turning to other countries. They know the Union of South Africa. They regard it, even in these times, as a country fit to live in.

They know something of the ups and downs of life. They have had insight into probably two or three occupations, including farming. Yet they turn to South African farming.

Capital (generally not less than about £2,000) is necessary for a start. Fuller particulars may be obtained from the Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2.

NEW ZEALAND

A rich land with great natural resources and unlimited possibilities

NEW ZEALAND is a well-watered country, larger than Great Britain. With its fertile soil, abundant rainfall, and equable healthy climate, the Dominion **is certain to continue its expansion** in settlement, agriculture, industry, trade and accumulation of wealth.

NEW ZEALAND offers the British manufacturer, trader and investor **splendid opportunities.**
Is noted for its increasingly large **exportation** of wool, meat, butter, cheese, honey, hides, tallow, oleo, dried milk, casein, milk-sugar, choice fruit and hemp.

NEW ZEALAND Government experts readily advise and gratuitously instruct on all matters of farming practice, treatment of stock, dairying, fruit-growing, poultry-keeping, bee-keeping, etc., etc.

NEW ZEALAND guarantees maintenance of her high standard of **quality** of butter cheese, honey, fruit, hemp and all produce by stringent examination and grading by qualified inspectors and experts.

NEW ZEALAND trade development is causing extensive planting of orchards to assure greater supplies of New Zealand's choice fruit. Bee-keeping and poultry-keeping are growing industries.

For further information apply to—

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR NEW ZEALAND,
415, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2

India

The Land of Romance and Trade

INDIA is the largest exporter in the Empire of tropical produce and tropical goods. Her commodities are world necessities: rice, wheat, all oil seeds, cotton, jute, oil, mica, hemp, tea, coffee, etc. Her jute sacking is used for packing the world over.

Indian mineral resources and industries are being developed, and her geographical position is exceptionally favourable for Pacific trade.

It is a country of ancient civilisation and old arts, possessed of architectural wonders and diversified scenery; well adapted for travel and sport.

For fuller particulars, apply to Director-General of Commercial Intelligence, Calcutta, or Government of India Trade Commissioner, 60, Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C. 2.

DOMINION of NEWFOUNDLAND and LABRADOR

Standing Sentinel at the Gateway to the New World. The Birthplace of our Great Overseas Empire and the first link in the Imperial Chain of Aerial Communications.

One Week's journey from England by direct steamer.

NEWFOUNDLAND and LABRADOR offer unexcelled opportunities for PIONEER DEVELOPMENT.

The Sportsman's Eldorado.

The Rivers and Lakes abound with Salmon and Trout. Fine Snipe, Partridge and Caribou Shooting. No reserves.

SPORT LICENCES.

Caribou Shooting, $50 (£10).
Salmon Fishing, $10 (£2) per rod.

Forest, Mineral and Farmland Wealth.

Large areas of uncleared arable land waiting for development, and generous concessions given to settlers and others interested in establishing new industries. Copper, Iron Mines and great Pulp and Paper Mills in active operation.

THE LARGEST DRY DOCK IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, with all modern appliances for temporary or permanent repairs.

For further information apply to—

HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR NEWFOUNDLAND, 58, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

AUSTRALIA

OPPORTUNITIES for MANUFACTURERS and INVESTORS

Australia offers Great Opportunities to British Manufacturers to establish themselves in the Commonwealth.

Australia can now produce many things which she formerly regarded as beyond her industrial capacity.

The history of Australian Manufacturers is one of remarkable growth and achievement.

Australian manufacturing industries produce an annual output amounting to £226,000,000.

THE INVESTOR will find:

Abundant room for the profitable employment of Capital.

Great primary resources awaiting development.

Wide scope for Manufacturers.

A healthy land in a growing country.

■ ■ ■ ■

For full information regarding Australia, apply to the High Commissioner, Australia House, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

THE

"ARETHUSA"

Training Ship and the Shaftesbury Homes

URGENTLY NEED

£25,000

TO PREVENT CURTAILMENT OF ANY BRANCH OF THE SOCIETY'S WORK

10,000 boys have been sent to Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine.
9,000 boys have been trained for Civil Employment and Emigration.
1,100 boys and girls now being maintained.

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN
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Cheques should be made payable to and sent to

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

Members trading with our Advertisers materially help "OVERSEAS."

OVERSEAS

The Blind and God's Word

The Blind and God's Word.

IVING in a land of shadows, into which the printed word cannot penetrate, how does the blind man receive those messages of Hope and Cheer which have been the consolation of generations of the "heavily-laden"?

The answer is to be found in the ponderous tomes of embossed type, the production of which entails such infinite care, such huge expense. To the blind reader himself the cost of the Bible is but small; some one else bears the expense, and that it is a heavy one will be realised by readers when they glance at the following brief account of the production of a Braille or Moon volume by the National Institute for the Blind :—

The first process is that of stereotyping. The words are read by a sighted reader to a blind stereotyper, who transcribes the reading matter on to a folded sheet of zinc in embossed type. When completed, this sheet or plate is handed to a blind proof-reader for corrections, and the plates are passed on to the printing department. The embossed sheets are then handed to blind workers for collating and folding. The processes of sewing and binding are undertaken mainly by sighted people. And the result? Thirty-nine volumes of Braille type represent one copy of the Bible. Think of the work entailed! Think alone of the reader who has dictated the matter to the blind stereotyper! And then imagine the extent of the work before the invention of the stereotyping machine. One of the oldest workers at the National Institute for the Blind is a blind man whose pride it is to have punched out on metal plates the entire Bible by hand. This meant three and a half years' work in his spare time and 20,000,000 blows with the hammer—each dot receiving three blows. A labour of love, truly, and a labour well rewarded.

Persons who have lost their sight late in life prefer the Moon type, which is simpler to understand but more expensive to produce. The Bible in this type is contained in no less than fifty-nine volumes. The plates of this production are now utterly worn out, and it is most necessary that they should be replaced by new ones. Our readers will agree with us that it is of vital importance for the blind to be kept supplied with the Book of Books, as well as with selected portions of the Scriptures as published by the National Institute for the Blind. Blind folk who cannot afford to purchase the Bible are presented with copies free of charge, and it is the aim of the producers that no blind person in the kingdom should be without the consolation of the Sacred Word.

Readers who wish to hear more concerning this subject are referred to page 3 of the cover of this journal.

Advertiser's Announcement.

A Link with the Homeland

THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Best-loved Paper in the British Isles

Edited by ARTHUR MEE, whose name is known among children and lovers of children the world over.

THE *Children's Newspaper* is a real, fully-illustrated 12-page newspaper. It tells each week the wonderful story of the world's adventure; the striving and achievement of mankind; the infinitely great and infinitely little; the wonders of science and the miracles of nature.

More than this, it breathes the very spirit of the Homeland that you want your children to remember and to know. Let them read the *Children's Newspaper* each week and it will help them to grow up British to the core—happy, strong-willed, self-reliant.

FREE SPECIMEN COPY

of the *CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER*

will be sent, postage paid, if you send a post-card, giving your name and address, to—

Export Department,
Amalgamated Press, Ltd.,
The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street,
London, E.C. 4, England.

SEND YOUR P.C. TO-DAY

To continually improve "OVERSEAS" we rely largely upon our advertisement revenue.

Advertiser's Announcement.

The Empire's Debt of Honour to Ex-Officers of H.M. Imperial Forces

The Officers' Association

PATRON: HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Presidents:

Admiral of the Fleet EARL BEATTY, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O.
Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.
Air-Marshal Sir H. M. TRENCHARD, K.C.B., D.S.O.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The object of the above Association is to create a large National Fund to fulfil the Nation's obligations in the following respects :

(1) To aid the wives and assist in maintaining and educating the children of Officers who were killed in the War.

(2) To assist Officers who are totally or partially disabled, and their families, and all those who are otherwise prevented from earning their living.

(3) To assist other Officers in distress, and to help them to find employment.

We still have a Debt of Honour to redeem. 46,000 Officers laid down their lives for their Country and 97,000 Officers were wounded.

The Self-Governing Dominions and Colonies have a common obligation with the Mother Country to assist these men and their dependants wherever they may be domiciled within the Empire. Only by uniting in a full recognition of our obligations to those who have fought and suffered that we may prosper can we hope to relieve the existing distress which is a stain on the fair name of the British Empire, and while the activities of the Officers' Association at home are bearing fruit, much has yet to be accomplished.

Contributions, however small, to the "British Standard Exporter Over-Seas Fund," on behalf of the Officers' Association, will be gratefully received, and all communications on the subject should be addressed to—

Mr. E. Noel Barker, *Hon. Treasurer,*
"British Standard Exporter Over-Seas Fund."
Bloomsbury Hall,
26, Hart Street,
London, W.C. 1.

Members help the Club by mentioning "OVERSEAS" when writing to Advertisers.

Will you help the Red Cross in peace as you did in war?

Money is urgently needed by the British Red Cross for the great work that lies before it now the War is over.

To educate the people in the means of avoiding the preventable diseases that cause so many needless deaths each year.

To provide Infant Welfare Centres and save the children.

To provide motor ambulances for sick and injured throughout the country.

To help the hospitals that are hard hit by the War.

DO WHAT YOU CAN FOR THE SICK AND SUFFERING OF THE MOTHER COUNTRY

Donations are urgently requested by Sir Napier Burnett, K.B.E., Chief Executive Officer, Joint Council of the Order of St. John and The British Red Cross Society, 19, Berkeley Street, London.

THE
CHURCH of ENGLAND
WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY
(*Founded in 1881 by Prebendary Rudolf*)

has given Homes to over 25,000 children and now has a family of 4,219 little ones to

FEED, CLOTHE, SHELTER & TRAIN

WILL YOU HELP?

Gifts gratefully received by Secretary,
Rev. W. Fowell Swann, M.A.,
Old Town Hall,
Kennington Road,
London, S.E. 11.

Cheques, etc., crossed and payable to "Waifs & Strays."

SOCIETY for the ASSISTANCE of
LADIES IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.
(Under Royal Patronage)

♣ ♣ ♣

A MOST URGENT APPEAL

Dear Friends,

Always hitherto when the Report and its Subscription Card have gone forth, there has been a most liberal response. This year we are receiving hundreds in the place of thousands. It is a sign of the times, and many who fain would help us cannot. Most earnestly do I plead that all who are able to give will do so to the utmost of their power.

It is impossible for poor Ladies to subsist on their tiny incomes. Some have no income whatever. They look to us for assistance, and we in our turn look to you as usual to enable us to help them.

We have never looked in vain, and I know we never shall, for if you can give a donation, however small, you will do so.

♣ ♣ ♣

Hon. Sec.,
EDITH SMALLWOOD.
Lancaster House, Malvern.

WOULD YOU LIVE *for* EVER

in the gratitude of the Empire? By helping us to care for orphans and give them a start in life you enrich the Empire. Not only these boys and girls benefit from the education and help we give them, but every succeeding generation is richer. Can you think of a kinder deed than that of taking the place of the father who has died? We need £20,000 annually to feed, clothe and educate our family of over 300. Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary,

FRED. J. ROBINSON,
A.C.I.S.,
THE
ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL
and
ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE.
Offices:
73, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C. 2.

From Rock and Tempest.

320 Merchant Seamen, men who have run the gauntlet of the fiercest storms, now find themselves in poverty and need your assistance.

887 Widows of Seamen and 1100 Dependent Children

are also wanting help, which we are compelled to withhold because funds are low. Will you bring a ray of sunshine into their lives by sending a donation immediately?

THOS. SCOTT, *Secretary*,
British Merchant Seamen and their Dependents' Fund,
Tower Building, LIVERPOOL.

Members regularly corresponding with our advertisers materially help "OVERSEAS."

"EQUAL WITH INFIDELS"

COMMENTING on St. Paul's words, "He who does not provide for his own house is worse than an infidel," Swift says, "And he who provides only for his own house is just equal with an infidel."

Our responsibility is not ended when we have fed and clothed and loved our own little ones.

Think of that boy cowering under the hand of the man who should be his protector! Or that baby girl playing about the threshold of a home of infamy! Who should come to their aid? Who but ourselves?

We will take the responsibility for the happy upbringing of these child victims, if you will send us the means.

Gifts and inquiries should be addressed to :—

THE PRINCIPAL (Rev. W. HODSON SMITH),

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME

(Founded by Dr. Stephenson),

104-122, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1.

Treasurers :

J. R. BARLOW, Esq., M.A., J.P.
Sir CHARLES C. WAKEFIELD, Bart., C.B.E.

The Salvation Army

The Army and the Young Citizen.

THE Young People's Legion of the Salvation Army aims, in its dealings with the young folk, at complete moral and physical development. Personal purity, temperance, kindness to one's fellow-creatures and to animals—these subjects, together with a close study of the Gospel, come within the province of the Bible Classes. Instruction is also given in First Aid, Ambulance Work, Swimming, Life-Saving, and Music. All the noblest instincts that characterise healthy youth are given full opportunity for expression. The result is a complete citizen in every sense of the word—fully equipped, morally and physically, to fight the battle of life.

BUT Citizenship is not enough; and the Young Salvationist is something more than a citizen. He is a great power for the moral uplifting of his fellow men and women. His mode of life, even more than his spoken word, is an inspiration and example to those about him. Conscious of the Right and armed against temptation, he is a true servant of God and Humanity.

The Salvation Army, which depends entirely upon voluntary contributions, is most urgently in need of funds to continue this invaluable work amongst our young citizens. Will you not help by sending a contribution (no matter how small) to—

GENERAL BOOTH, The Salvation Army,
Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4.

THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY

STAR AND GARTER HOME

FOR

DISABLED SAILORS AND SOLDIERS,

RICHMOND, SURREY, ENGLAND.

ESTABLISHED by the British Red Cross Society, under the patronage of H.M. the Queen, as a permanent memorial of the Great War. On the site of the old Star & Garter Hotel, of famous memory, a noble building is being erected to accommodate about 200 men. To hasten building operations the temporary Hospital in the Annexe of the Hotel, opened in January, 1916, for Sailors and Soldiers paralysed by wounds, has been removed to the Seaside Branch at Sandgate, Kent.

The Star & Garter Committee appeals to the benevolence of our friends and kinsmen overseas on behalf of the Building Fund which, notwithstanding the generous support it has received both at home and abroad, is in need of further help, in consequence of the enormously increased price of labour and materials.

Address all subscriptions to:

THE SECRETARY, STAR & GARTER COMMITTEE,
19, Berkeley Street, London, W. 1.

THE RED TRIANGLE HOSPITALITY LEAGUE

This Department of the Y.M.C.A. is co-operating with the Over-Seas Club in service for strangers and lonely men, and in

Helping the MAN Who is DOWN.

FOR many, the times are still badly out of joint. Every day *scores* of men are coming to the end of their endurance. They are faced with despair or loneliness—often with both. They are losing their grip upon themselves, and are beginning to drift on the rocks.

Help us to help these men to pull themselves together—to make another effort to get back to that position of self-respect and progress that they held before the War played havoc with their chances in life.

To these men roaming aimlessly about the streets, feeling "No one cares, so why should I?." the Red Triangle Hospitality League holds out a helping hand.

During the past year the League has

—gathered in **94,895** men from the streets.

—given a warm welcome in the Y.M.C.A. Social Rooms to **351,165.**

—secured free hospitality in private homes for **2,492.**

—directed or conducted to available lodgings, **42,955.**

—secured employment for **2,214.**

—answered **341,195** enquiries of extraordinary variety.

To maintain this branch of our work

Your Help is Urgently Needed.

SEND A DONATION TO-DAY

to :—Sir Henry McMahon, G.C.M.G., Hon. Treasurer, Red Triangle Hospitality League, 25, Montague Street, London, W.C. 1, England (and crossed London County Westminster and Parr's Bank, Ltd.), or to the Hon. Organiser, Over-Seas Club, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2, England.

THE

CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE

(Founded 1891 —— Incorporated 1893).

HAS NO ENDOWMENT.

WANTED
1,000,000 Shillings.

WILL YOU HELP

The Church Lads' Brigade to Continue its Great Work Among Lads for Church and State?

Patron: H.M. THE KING.
President: FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G., K.T.

Vice-Presidents: THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE ANGLICAN COMMUNION.

Governor & Commandant: FIELD-MARSHAL LORD GRENFELL, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

Hon. Treasurer: ADRIAN D. W. POLLOCK, ESQ. (Chamberlain of the City of London).

Brigade Chaplain-General and Secretary: REV. EDGAR ROGERS, O.B.E., M.A.

General Headquarters:
Aldwych House, Catherine Street, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED

HAPPY CHILDHOOD AT
Dr BARNARDO'S HOMES

Dr Barnardo's Homes

7,000

CHILDREN NEED FOOD
and prices are high.

WILL YOU SEND

2/6

to the Annual Collection of Half-Crowns for Bread and Butter?

Cheques payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Founder's Day Fund" and crossed, may be addressed to the Director, Rear-Admiral Sir Harry Stileman (Dept. O.S.), 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E. 1.

"There is nothing in the world too fine for the Mercantile Marine of this Country for the work they have done during the present war."—LORD JELLICOE.

An Appeal for the

Captain Fryatt Memorial Fund

THIS Fund was instituted in August, 1916, to perpetuate the memory of that very gallant Officer, Captain Fryatt, of the S.S. "Brussels," who so heroically went to his doom in the cause of the Allies.

Its purposes are for the alleviation of suffering and distress, primarily due to the War, arising amongst the Officers of the Merchant Service and their Widows and Orphans.

Will YOU Help Us

to carry on the Good Work the Fund has already done and is doing?

You owe a great deal to the Merchant Service and Contributions are Sadly Needed

They will be thankfully received by the Honorary Secretary:

Lieut. T. W. MOORE, C.B.E., R.N.R.
The Arcade, Lord Street, Liverpool

LEST WE FORGET

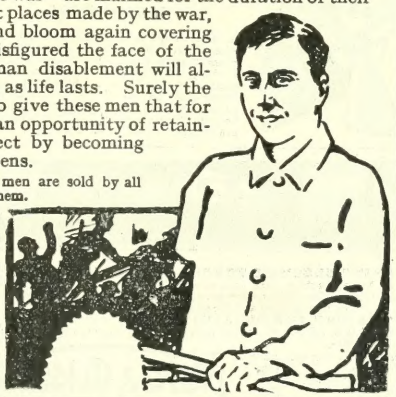
the men who gallantly held the positions at the front, but lost their positions at home.

"I WANT to work, but no one seems able to give me a job." This is the heart-breaking remark of thousands of maimed and broken ex-Service men who sacrificed positions and prospects by responding to "The Call." It is true that these men are unemployable in ordinary Workshops and Factories, for in these days of keen competition a one-armed, or paralysed, or legless man is not a profit-making worker; but, after all, they fought for the Homeland and lost their limbs and powers of action in the service of us all.

THE LORD ROBERTS MEMORIAL WORKSHOPS

are doors through which these men, who served and suffered, can enter the hive of Industry and show that, given the chance, they can make their lives as useful to the Nation as they were before the handicap of war's casualties crippled their possibilities. In these Workshops—the only Memorial to one of our greatest soldiers—these men are trained in useful occupations and provided with permanent employment at good wages. Over 2,300 men have already been admitted into the Workshops but there is a far greater number whose requests to enter have to be refused because money is needed for machinery and maintenance. Will you help the Committee to help these men?

THINK what it means to be disabled. Most of the evils that afflict human nature: disease, poverty, grief—if they do not kill—pass on. But the armless, the legless, the paralysed men—legacies of the war—are maimed for the duration of their lives. In the desert places made by the war, flowers will grow and bloom again covering up the scars that disfigured the face of the earth, but the human disablement will always remain as long as life lasts. Surely the least we can do is to give these men that for which they crave—an opportunity of retaining their self-respect by becoming self-supporting citizens.



The goods made by the men are sold by all leading retailers. Buy them.

HELP THE FUND also by sending a cheque or money order payable to the Chairman of the Lord Roberts Memorial Fund.

MAJOR GENERAL Lord Cheylesmore, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., 122, Brompton Road, London, S.W. 3.

DOMESTIC ELECTRICAL COOKING APPLIANCES.

British Made.

These useful articles can be operated from the nearest convenient lampholder by means of the Flexible Cord and Adaptor supplied. The cost of current is negligible, and their convenience is fully appreciated wherever in use. In all voltages from 100 to 230 volts.

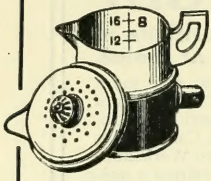
PRICES.

BOILING JUG, 1 Pint	19/-
" " 2 Pints	21/6
SHAVING POT, ½ Pint	21/6
FOOD WARMER, with Graduated Scale, ½ Pint	19/-
KETTLE, 2 Pints	39/-
IRON	20/-
HOT PLATE	21/-

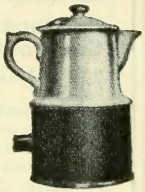
When ordering state voltage, and whether Direct or Alternating Current.

We can supply the Electric Kettle, Iron and Hot Plate in low voltages suitable for operating from Small House Lighting Plants as follows:—

KETTLE, 25, 32 and 50 Volts.. ..	54/6
IRON " " "	32/6
HOT PLATE " " "	36/6

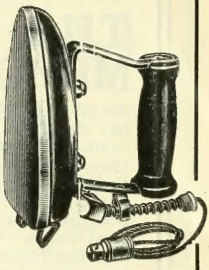


Electric Food Warmer.

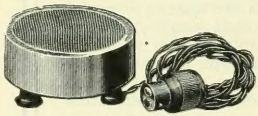


Electric Boiling Jug.

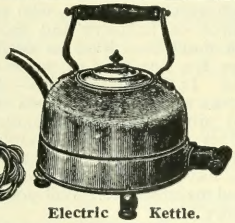
Electric Shaving Pot.



Electric Iron.

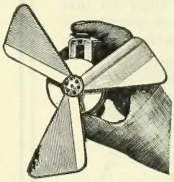


Electric Hot Plate.



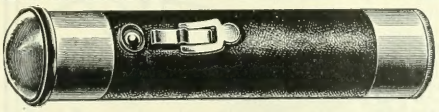
Electric Kettle.

All prices shown on this page include free post and packing to British Colonies.



HAND FAN.

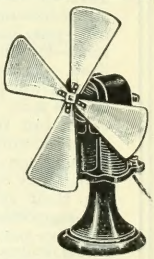
A boon in the Sick Room, the Ball Room, when Travelling, etc. Takes up little more room than a watch, and weighs little more. Entirely self-contained and requires no electricity, no winding-up. Simply press the button and the Fan Blades revolve at a high speed, creating a refreshing and stimulating breeze. Size overall 5½ ins., but when not in use collapses to half size. Price **6/-.**



THE "KIT" ELECTRIC TORCH.—Size, 7½ x 1½ ins. Weight complete, 12½ ozs. A real torch de luxe with heavily nickelled solid end pieces and high grade covering. Fitted with patent permanent or flashing switch. Complete with Volex Dry Battery and Metal Filament Bulb. Price **10/6.**

THE "MAJOR" TORCH.—As the "Kit," but larger. Size, 9½ x 1½ ins. Weight complete, 16½ ozs. Complete with Volex Dry Battery and Metal Filament Bulb. Price **14/-.**

Spare Battery for the "Kit." No. T112 .. .. 1/6.
Do. "Major." No. T116 .. .. 2/3.



BATTERY ELECTRIC FAN

For districts and for the Colonies where the Electric Lighting supply is not available. A most useful Electric Fan, which can be operated from a 6, 12 or 25-Volt Accumulator. Size of Blade 7½ ins. This Fan has met with a great success in the colonies. Fan and Motor complete,

6-Volt **21/-**
12-Volt **23/6**
25-Volt **27/-**

State Voltage when ordering.

Ward & Goldstone PENDLETON MANCHESTER LTD

Members help the Club by mentioning "OVERSEAS" when writing to Advertisers.

Published by the Over-Seas Club, London. Printers: The Whitefriars Press, Ltd., Tonbridge.

FIFTY-NINE VOLUMES OF HELP

THERE is no more necessary service to those who are sorely in need of help than the dissemination among them of the Bible. The blind and deaf-blind, need that constant consolation which a gospel of faith, hope and love gives them, and which enables them, although strangers to all the visible beauties of this world, to " lie within the light of God."

Will you therefore help the Moon Society as far as lies in your power, to provide the blind community with Bibles printed in the simple embossed type invented by Dr. Moon, by means of which even those who become blind in old age can continue the reading and study of the Scriptures?

The Moon Bible occupies fifty-nine large volumes. The cost of production is very high and the plates need renewal, while the books themselves are either given away free or sold at a heavy loss. The only way this loss can be overcome and the work continued is by the help of generous people who sympathise with this effort to provide the blind—specially the aged blind—with a source of unfailing solace and help.

All Subscriptions and Donations should be addressed to the Secretary, Moon Branch of the National Institute for the Blind (Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920), 224-8, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, England.

How does the
National Institute for the Blind
Help Blind Folk?

1. It bears a very heavy financial responsibility for many important institutions all over Great Britain for the training and education of the blind, and provides practically all the Braille literature for the whole British Empire.

2. It maintains the most up-to-date and best-equipped School of Massage in the country for blind people of both sexes, and takes practical steps to help ex-students to build remunerative careers.

3. It is the sole producer of literature in Moon type for the entire English-speaking world.

4. It has a widely-developed department for the printing and dissemination of Braille music, without which blind musicians would be helpless.

5. It maintains an old-established and far-reaching organisation for visiting, assisting, and training the blind in their own homes.

6. It expends thousands of pounds annually on the relief of needy blind persons.

7. It undertakes the financial responsibility and conduct of Worcester College for blind boys, and the newly-established college at Chorley Wood for blind girls.

8. It cares for the Deaf-Blind—those condemned to life-long darkness and silence.

9. It is responsible for the upkeep of Hoole Bank, Chester, for blind persons of good social position who are unable to maintain themselves in comfort.

10. It maintains a home at Clifton for blind women of the poorer classes, and a similar home at Brighton; also a hostel for blind women workers in London.

11. It carries out much important research work with regard to apparatus and materials generally of wide importance to the blind, and the manufacture of these.

12. It maintains the only home in the Empire for blind babies—"Sunshine House" at Chorley Wood—and proposes to equip and maintain several more "Sunshine Houses."

The proper discharge of these obligations depends entirely upon the generous response of the public.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920.

President: SIR ARTHUR PEARSON, BART., G.B.E.
Chairman: SIR WASHINGTON RANGER, D.C.L.
Sec.-General: MR. HENRY STAINSBY.
Head Office: 224-6-8, GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W. 1.